THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GONE!

Oh, lay her gently in the mould;
Cover her o'er;
She from her bed so dark and cold
Will come no more!
Hushed now for ever is her song,
So touched with fire;
Fain would I still its strains prolong
On Memory's lyre.

Ye gentle gales, that breathe of Spring,
Flit o'er her grave,
And when ye balmy odors bring,
Give as she gave.
Oh, nurse the willow-tree that weeps
O'er her sweet breast;
Oh, nourish each fond flower that keeps
Watch o'er her rest.

Thou soft and fragrant summer breeze,
Her grave come nigh,
And linger 'mong the cypress-trees
That o'er her sigh.
Ye brightest stars of shining spheres,
Smile from above;
Thou rosy morn, thy dewy tears
Weep o'er my love.

Oh, weep them at thy dawning hour,
When none is near;
Oh, fill the chalice of each flower
With one pure tear.
So should they drop upon the ground
From flow'rets' eyes,
They'll fitly consecrate the mound
'Neath which she lies.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

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The sun rose gloriously the next morning. I watched it through my little window, longing for a more extended view, and debating within myself upon the propriety of seeking it, when a waiter stopped at my door with Mr. St. John's card, on which was written in pencil—

"If Miss Adriance will come on deck, she will be amply repaid by the beautiful scene."

Obeying my first impulse of resentment, I returned an answer declining. It was a pitiful gratification after all, for I was tormented with mere bits and fragments of glowing dawn. I had a passion for these changeful pictures of sea and sky. The tremulous rays of gold and crimson wandered fitfully through my little room, and the soft light brought visions of the greater glory beyond.

The noise and commotion brought me back to common life. I felt awkward and nervous about meeting Mr. St. John, and wondered how we would get over our dispute of last night. I might have spared my speculations and the resolves with which I fortified my mind. He was calm and gracious, totally ignoring all the disagreeable incidents that had passed between us. I absolutely became confused.

Mrs. Lawrence was awaiting us at a hotel, and we drove thither. She was not up yet, so we both waited in her little parlor. Mr. St. John brought me a book and some papers, and occupied himself in reading. Well, the man certainly was a Sphynx!

After awhile Mrs. Lawrence made her appearance. She was thirty-five, I afterwards learned, three years her brother's senior, but one would readily have believed her ten years younger. A remarkably beautiful woman, pure blonde in type, barely medium size, and gracefulness itself. To watch her was like listening to music. I felt ugly and overgrown beside her.

"My dear Miss Adriance—" and her voice had something of the peculiarity of her brother's, a kind of liquid sweetness that attracts one involuntarily. I could not help being won by the charm.

She scanned me from head to foot, but I did not read disapproval in the languid, purple blue eyes, so I ventured to breathe and to smile.

"How bright and fresh you look," she said. "I can believe that you heeded my injunction, Stuart," glancing at her brother, "and did not keep her up half the night watching the moon."

"As that seems to be my pet employment, there was some danger."

His voice was just dashed with irony, reminding me of the delicate flavor of bitter almonds. I colored at the remembrance of our evening's conversation, but returned carelessly—

"I believe I do not usually carry traces of such simple dissipation in my face."

"It's folly to waste one's good looks when it amounts to nothing;" and she smiled in a charming fashion. "Now if you please we will have some breakfast, and then Miss Adriance and I can afford to dismiss you, as we are going on a shopping expedition."

There was a little expressive curl to his lips, as his face settled into an indifference that made it positively cold.

She was very gracious and entertaining, and I could not help feeling at home with her, indeed could not help liking her, but I had a misgiving that there was the least spice of contempt in the approval Mr. St. John gave. When we returned to the parlor, he bade us "good morning," and sauntered out.

"Now we will hold a little consultation," Mrs. Lawrence said, with a girlish interest and enthusiasm that was not affectation, although it seemed to border upon it. "I am going to take you to Newport, and I expect you to create quite a sensation."

"Don't expect too much of me," I said, with a sudden fear.

"My dear, you don't know your own power at all. How should you, indeed? With your style and looks you ought to make a decided impression. Rest assured that I shall give you every advantage."

"I do not question your generosity," I returned, "but my own"—desire, I was about to say, then changed it to "ability."

"You will feel different about that presently. Then you are quite an heiress, another item in your favor, and when you do fairly take your place and feel at home in it, you will like the triumphs. Only you must not fall in love too soon."

"I believe I am not very susceptible."

She smiled approval. "The first thing will be to get your wardrobe in order," she continued. "I know you have nothing available, so we will go out and supply ourselves. Your dresses will be made at home under my own supervision. I have a maid who is worth fifty modistes. Are you ready to go now, or would you rather rest for an hour or two?"

I signified my willingness, and we set out immediately. It was my first induction into the mysteries of fashionable life, and I yielded to Mrs. Lawrence's suggestions the more readily in order that I might not betray my own ignorance. But I really wondered when and how I should find use for half the articles she purchased, and now and then gave a thought to my resolves of the evening before, comprehending that it would be more difficult to assimilate the two lives than I had believed. And yet I could not help being interested. When a shopkeeper places before you elegant goods in their most enticing light, how can you fail to admire?

Mrs. Lawrence knew the routine well, and before night had spent what seemed to me a quarter of my fortune at least, but the shopping was done. Thirza, a quadroon maid, hardly less beautiful than her mistress, was busy all the evening packing, and the next morning we resumed our journey, stopping at night to rest, for Mrs. Lawrence had no idea of unduly fatiguing herself.

Mr. St. John I hardly saw at all, but we felt his care and attention in many ways. Now and then I experienced the sensation of being watched by the cool eyes that I knew fathomed much more than they chose to reveal.

From the station it was a long drive to the St. John mansion. Through broken woodlands where rugged old trees were moss grown and festooned with brilliant wild vines, contrasting vividly with the silvery river flowing in and out, here widening to a lake, there a mere thread; the deeper green of the forest bathed in a soft haze of sunshine, and mellowed by frequent breaks of light and shade. The air was fragrant with the spiciness of the distant pine woods, and occasionally some weird song quite new to me, broke from the throat of an unseen warbler. It seemed like going into an enchanted country.

The road became clearer presently, and at a little distance I espied a great gray stone mansion, ivy covered, and apparently in the midst of the most picturesque confusion. Turfy glades, dreamy, mysterious nooks, clumps of shrubbery, fountains trickling over miniature rocks, and flowers in the wildest profusion. The house was an old, quaint mixture of different styles of architecture, and had probably been constructed at different periods. The front was broken by recesses and balconies and deep windows, and at one corner rose a turret, that added to the general effect. It was so cosy and roomy looking, so really homelike, for all its strange beauty, that my heart gave a quick, involuntary thrill. I leaned out of the carriage, eager to take in every aspect of loveliness.

"You like it," Mr. St. John said under his breath, and something in the voice startled me.

"Like is a poor word," and I felt the warm color rising to my face.

"And in six months you will weary of it."

"No," I said impulsively, "I could never weary of it. Why, I question if Paradise was more lovely!"

"And Eve was not content without the forbidden fruit. There's something unattainable to every life."

I glanced furtively at his face. It had gloomed over with some unseen thought, and the eyes seemed weary and wistful.

"Home," he said as he sprang out lightly and gave his hand to his sister.

"Well," he continued, assisting me, "are we to be friends, Miss Adriance? Have you forgiven me for ruthlessly demolishing some of your airy fabrics?"

"I should be generous to my worst enemy now," I replied softly. "Who could hold malice in this world of bewildering beauty."

I did not dare glance up again, for some strange spell seemed to shadow me. Was I really entering an enchanter's realm?

CHAPTER III.

Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,
Grow torpid in the din of worldly strife.
—*Faust.*

The interior at Laurelwood was not less charming than the scenes without. I was lost in a maze of beauty, fairly bewildered with spacious halls and stairs, niches out of which some graceful old world goddess smiled, or bore her burden of fragrant flowers. A kind of tropical sensuous ease pervaded every spot. You heard the murmur of the fountains without, making a dim, lulling music, and were wooed insensibly to repose.

I was shown to an elegant suite of rooms next to those of Mrs. Lawrence. The quaintly carven furniture, the light, delicate carpets, and the luxurious couches and chairs gave me visions of delight. There was an æsthetic side to my nature certainly. And then I went back to my childhood with its hardness and plainness, its long solitary days. Was it really I who had a right to these lovely rooms, who was to be waited upon and queen it as royally as I liked! For nothing would please Mrs. Lawrence better.

Thirza came in to arrange my hair while her mistress was resting from the fatigue of her journey. "How magnificent!" she said as she took it down.

It was handsome. Fine, soft and abundant, a perfect midnight mass.

"Miss Adriance has a little foreign blood," she continued.

"A Spanish grandmother," and I laughed.

"It is in your figure and carriage as well. And your eyes show it."

Some of the girls at school had envied me my eyes and complexion. They were both dark and wild, I thought.

The deft fingers wove wonderful braids and compacted them in strange devices. Then she broke off a spray of white jasmine and twined it in and out. After that she took an inventory of my dresses and decided upon white. Perhaps the contrast made it so becoming, at all events it was my favorite.

"But there's no style to it," she said disdainfully.

"Up to this time I have been only a school girl," I replied, with a little smile. "There was not much need of style."

"Look at yourself and see if I have not improved you."

I turned to the full length mirror. What wraith or vision met me! Tall, rather inclined to slenderness, but not thin, drooping shoulders, the head proudly poised, the forehead low and broad, the features regular, but too immobile, I thought, and a soft, roseate flush warming up the clear, fine skin. I had not considered the subject greatly before, but I was glad to look as well, especially in a place like this where all the surroundings were exquisite.

Sometime afterward Mrs. Lawrence entered, fresh from the hands of her maid. There was a strong contrast between us. She was so finished, so elegant, a perfect embodiment of grace.

"How much you have been improved," she said in a pleasant tone. "You need a little more brilliance and vivacity to your face, though under some circumstances that air of indifference would be superb."

I flushed deeply, not with pride, but rather with a sense of humiliation. I fancied that I should soon hate having every slight change in looks commented upon.

"Society will soon give you the tone you need. I am determined upon having you a perfect success."

"Do not count too confidently upon my charms," I said slowly. "All people may not judge me with your lenient eyes."

She smiled, and nodded sagaciously.

"I think I know the world pretty well. You must not spoil your triumphs by any girlish *gaucherie*. I think I shall enjoy having a protege amazingly, though at first I was quite unwilling that Mr. Anthon should leave you to our care. He always talked of you as a little girl, and I am not especially fond of children."

Frank at least. Dainty and sweet and tender as she seemed, I felt that she had no warm, human heart.

"What if I had been irredeemably ugly?" I asked.

"You were not, so we will not trouble ourselves with suppositions," she returned with charming amiability. "Truth to tell, plain people always offend a certain sense of mine."

"But one cannot help it if one grows plain, or was born so."

"It is a great misfortune," and she shrugged her fair shoulders with infinite grace.

The summons to dinner interrupted the conversation, and I was not sorry, for I found myself warming with the sort of injustice she displayed. Would I not have needed a home and friends under any circumstances?

Afterward Mr. St. John asked me to walk through the grounds, and I was delighted to comply, for I had only taken tantalizing glimpses of them.

"Don't keep her out too long in the night air," Mrs. Lawrence said, as we went down the broad steps.

A peculiar expression passed over his face that tempted me to smile. How unlike they were—this sister and brother.

"One always pays the penalty for superior refinements," he said in a low tone and with a touch of sarcasm.

"I have not arrived at that stage where it is of momentous importance to me," I returned laughingly.

He made no reply, but seemed lost in contemplation of the graveled walk. Then we turned into a winding path. The lovely night, with its great glowing stars and silvery moon, the air heavy with fragrance, filled my soul with a sense of unutterable beauty. Some tasteful hand had vied with nature here, and produced marvellous perfection. Dells that were so thickly wooded they seemed miniature forests, nooks with an old grey rock shaded by a border of shrubbery at the back, and a tiny stream purling its way along or tumbling over some resistance and forming a cascade of pure spray. Everywhere a variety. The grounds made to look much larger by this arrangement, and something to attract the eye continually. One wandered on and on.

Presently Mr. St. John thawed a little, though his silence had not been at all uncomfortable. I don't know that I could have talked at first, for I was filled with the solemn awe a sense of affluent beauty always gives me. I want to be quiet and take large draughts of measureless content. Once or twice he had glanced at me, and I felt that my mood had been perfectly understood. It is a comfort to be with people who do not insist upon your explaining every phase of feeling.

He spoke of the night first, and then called up some foreign remembrances. He had the faculty of making perfect pictures in description, every subject was tinted and textured by a mind not only vivid, but refined and discriminating. I listened like one under the spell of a charmer.

I don't know how it came around at length, but in some manner Mr. Anthon's name was mentioned. I noticed how the voice that I had thought exquisitely modulated before softened to a peculiar pathos. They had been very dear friends it seemed, and after Mr. Anthon's illness commenced, he had spent some time at Laurelwood. I felt that he had interested Mr. St. John some way in my behalf. How kind and thoughtful he had always been for me.

I liked Mr. St. John much better for this glimpse of tenderness. The man was not all cynicism or sarcasm then. In fact I began to reconsider my hasty judgment. Was it anything more than anger because he had teased me?

We stayed out quite late in spite of Mrs. Lawrence's entreaty, but I think my bright eyes and glowing face disarmed her.

She would have been inexpressibly shocked had she known that after Thirza was gone I left my bed and sat for a long while by the open window. The glorious night tempted me, but I could not have slept. Everything was too new and unreal. This ease and luxury, these lovely sights and entrancing sounds swayed me powerfully. I was almost afraid that like Abou Hassan's palace it might vanish presently, and I find in its stead some cold, grey reality.

The next day I was in constant demand. Shawls, scarfs, bonnets, laces, and gloves, were inspected and duly tried, altered and arranged until they pleased Mrs. Lawrence's critical eye. Then the dresses! I confess I did begin to tire of the finery after awhile. It was like being fed upon sweets until one is surfeited.

I did try to feel grateful for the pains she was taking, and I found a curious interest in watching her. Always cool and unruffled, patient to the last degree; quick sighted to discover the least flaw or imperfection. Had the woman no soul beyond this?

Mr. St. John was pretty closely occupied with some business, as the estate was large, and he gave it a very thorough supervision. Now and then he laughingly inquired after the dresses; and one morning sauntered into his sister's sitting-room, where I had enconced myself in the deep rose-embowered window and was lazily reading.

"How cool and delightful," he said. "But are you not playing truant?"

"From what?" and I glanced up rather amused.

"I supposed you would devote every moment to the work-room. What if your dresses are spoiled?"

"They are in better hands than mine, and do not altogether engross me."

"I am afraid your education is incomplete. And essays too!" for he had taken up my book.

"One needs something to preserve the mental equilibrium."

"It should be a 'Mirror of Fashion,' or 'The art of making one's self agreeable.'"

"Because you consider me particularly disagreeable and antiquated?"

He colored.

"I am anxious to have you succeed as well as possible."

"What is to be the test of my success?"

"Scores of lovers, and a rich husband, I suppose."

"I am afraid I shall not meet your expectations," I returned, gravely. "If I should come to be considered an encumbrance at Laurelwood—"

Somehow I could not resist the temptation of saying it; but I saw that I had angered him. One of those subtle flashes came into his eyes, and a white line about his mouth. He looked steadily at me for an instant.

"Pardon me," I said, in some confusion. "But you do vex me when you pretend to think that I have no higher aim in life than mere frivolity—that I can be content with fine dresses and admiration, or that I look upon marriage as the only termination to be desired."

"How you run over these things," he returned, with a curious inflection, "and you don't understand one of them. What girl ever did at eighteen!"

"Am I more ignorant than the generality of women?" I asked, nervously.

"More utopian, perhaps, Miss Adriance; I am rather anxious to see you fairly launched in the world of fashion. You will find it very different from your fancies. And you will do just about as your neighbors."

I took up my book again and opened it, but my pulses were racing along at an angry speed. How was it that he managed to vex me so easily?

"Miss Adriance," he said, presently, "you carry your feelings too much in your face. In time you will learn to wear a society mask, which you will find very convenient."

"I shall never wear a mask, or think it necessary to hide the truth or any of my beliefs. I do suppose I can find people generous enough to make allowance for youth and inexperience. Human nature is not altogether unjust and faithless, or suspicious."

"Nearly every one sets out with high hopes, Miss Adriance. The voyage looks fair at the commencement—the sky is clear, the winds balmy, the shores bright with vivid pictures, and the syren Hope lulls you on and on with glowing visions. By-and-by the stream grows dull and muddy, the overladen barques go lumbering along in a dead wind, or get utterly becalmed. Then comes the trial of patience. One can work better than one can stagnate."

"I shall find my life work somewhere," I said, confidently.

"But who finds what he wants?"

He turned towards the opposite window with a weary face, indeed it was almost moody. What had come to his life—for he seemed to have all of this world's good gifts, and yet I could not help feeling that he was not as happy as Mrs. Lawrence, though her mind was continually occupied with trifles. He had missed something, and yet he seemed to me a strong, self-centered man, not easily touched by passing events.

Shortly after this we were surprised by a visitor, or rather *I* was, for Mrs. Lawrence did not mean to introduce me to her ordinary callers until after our return. But Thirza announced to me that Mr. Graham was in the drawing-room and would remain all night.

"I'm glad enough," she said. "It must be lonesome for you this being secluded like a nun."

I had experienced no special want in that direction. In fact I had not half examined the place yet.

Mr. Graham was two or three and twenty, with stray remnants of boyish beauty that had not yet settled into maturity. He had a soft, pleasant voice, and a certain enthusiasm that made him an interesting companion. He was taking the world in quite a different manner from Mr. St. John, though the latter made an admirable host.

There is an unconscious affinity between the young. I strayed through the grounds with Mr. Graham, talking of everything that came in our way, in that pleasant, chatty fashion bordering upon friendship. I felt at home with his genial mood; and though the subjects might not have been wise or

profound, we went over them very agreeably.

Later in the evening he asked me for some music. Mrs. Lawrence had listened to my playing and singing with due regard for what it would do for me in society. But it was a passion with me, and when I found that I could kindle another soul, it gave me a sudden inspiration. I saw his eyes dilate with pleasure, and a fitful color wandered over his face. How strangely those pathetic old ballads stir one's heart! Love, sweet for all its pain, tempting in spite of thorny ways. Men and women content at having drained the cup of bliss and asking no more of life. Had we fallen upon more material days and desires?

I felt glad and happy that night—why, I could not tell. When Mr. Graham left us the next morning, it seemed as if some brightness had gone out of the place.

I stood on the balcony gathering up stray threads of memory, when Mr. St. John approached, having been to the gates with his guest.

"You deserve to be congratulated," he said; and although I understood the tone, I returned simply—

"For what?"

"Upon your conquest. But to save a broken heart, I will tell you that Mr. Graham is engaged to his cousin—a kind of convenient family arrangement, I believe, she being an heiress."

"I do not think that fact would weigh a particle with Mr. Graham," I said as earnestly as I felt.

"Oh, you have unlimited faith."

"And your warning was altogether unnecessary," I retorted, scornfully.

"It was merely pastime upon both sides, then! Well, you acquitted yourself admirably. You will not have much to learn at Newport."

"I believe I did only what common courtesy required," I said, haughtily.

"A woman's excuse for trifling."

"It is well there are some whose fine perception enables them to distinguish between ordinary politeness and the gratification of a foolish vanity. While there are such cool, clear-eyed people in the world, we need not fear for society."

"Undoubtedly;" and his voice was irritatingly sweet. "Neither may we apprehend any Quixotic reform when the prophets of the new faith are diverted by a word or look from some fanciful sentimentalist."

If I could have annihilated him with a glance, I should have done so. And he looking calm and handsome, with that baffling smile playing about his face.

"You ridicule my high aims; and if I find any satisfaction in ordinary pleasures you sneer. What is your ideal?"

"And you are a fiery radical," he said, ignoring my question. "I wonder—" a little lower, as if he was thinking to himself—"if you mean to play with hearts in that fashion?"

"Will it do any harm? Are men so sensitive and delicate?"

"Oh, no," he said, dryly. "It may go hard with some of them at first, but they soon get used to the warfare. It does damage faith a little, but those old-fashioned virtues are at a discount in modern life."

"I think you wrong us all;" I said, more hurt than I cared to show. "If we wound any one, it is because we have first been pained ourselves."

Mrs. Lawrence crossed the hall, and I took shelter under her kindly wing. She put her slender white hand over my shoulder, and presently we walked away together.

"What was Stuart saying?" she asked; but I could see it was not from any curiosity. "You must not mind his queer notions; he has always been odd. I think it was living here so much alone, and the St. Johns are peculiar people. I married very young, and went away; and have only been back since the death of Mr. Lawrence, which occurred a few years ago."

I was silent.

"My dear," she continued, in her soft, musical tones, "you really surprised me by your self-possession. You will be a very fascinating woman, only you must not ruin your success by falling in love immediately."

"Why? In what manner would it interfere?" and I smiled.

"Oh, it breaks up the general interest. When a girl becomes engaged, the real strife for her is over, and she is soon superseded by newer attractions. You need not marry for a year or so. I think I can make it very pleasant for you; and I confess to liking you a great deal. But I came near forgetting my chief errand; Thirza wants you."

Afterward I went to my own room. How lovely it looked, and how really delightful life was! Somehow I cannot help enjoying it. Is it worth while to strive against the current? Surely youth and pleasure go hand in hand, and one may find elements of truth and beauty in any existence. Why then torture one's self with a scourging sense of duty in continually grasping at the unattainable. Could I not take the richness of life without stooping to its dross?

I think Mr. St. John must dislike me. He is very kind to his sister—listens to her plans without making one objection; does many things for her pleasure, and never sneers or shows the bitter side of his nature. For he is bitter and stern, a strong, masterful man, and yet his very power attracts.

I wonder if I am unstable. Sometimes I feel afraid of myself. After all, how much can one help or hinder. If I only had a patient, trusty friend that I could go to in these weak moments. But I should as soon think of confiding in this marble Clytie as Mrs. Lawrence. Both are sweet, but cold.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, well,
But you must cultivate yourself; it will pay you.
Study a dimple, work hard at a smile;
The things most delicate require most pains.
—*Festus.*

We were in perfect order at last, and started on our campaign. To say that I was *not* interested, would be untrue. There was a fascination about seeing the world in this guise. Several of the girls at school had counted largely on a season at Newport or Saratoga, while I held my peace, knowing nothing of my future.

Mr. St. John had engaged a suite of rooms, so all we had to do was to enter in and take possession. While Thirza unpacked and Mrs. Lawrence indulged in a rest on the sofa, I sat by the window enjoying the changeful scene below, that looked to my unpracticed eye like irremediable confusion, and yet it attracted me wonderfully. I was to join this gay throng, and take my share of pleasure.

We did not go down to the parlors until evening. Mrs. Lawrence looked exquisitely lovely, and I fancied almost as youthful as I. Thirza had not over-dressed me, and I felt quite at home in my new attire. But the scene rendered me nearly breathless with surprise. Elegant women, stately and well-bred men grouped together talking, smiling, and posing themselves with the rare grace of statuary. What a brilliant picture it made.

In ten minutes Mrs. Lawrence and her brother were surrounded by a throng of old friends and warmly welcomed. I responded to introductions that I felt sure I should never remember, and was rather confused, I am afraid. Mr. St. John was so kind that I almost wanted to express my gratitude. He answered questions for me, and warded off anything like awkwardness until I began to talk quite naturally.

Presently the circle widened a little. I was standing by an open window, when I felt my arm clasped, and a familiar voice exclaimed, scarcely above a whisper—

"In the name of all that's remarkable for wonders, how did you come here, Sydnie Adriance?"

I turned and found a school friend, Laura Hastings.

"Are you speechless?" she continued, laughingly. "Or are you out on a masquerade, where confessing one's identity breaks the charm, and resolves you back into a Cinderella?"

"Neither. Silent from surprise only."

"Didn't I tell you that I expected to make my debut in the world of fashion? How happens it that you were not equally communicative?"

"Because I had no idea of what my destiny would be."

"Let us walk up and down this piazza, for I want to catechise you. In the first place, when did you arrive?"

"This morning."

Laura Hastings was an odd, vivacious girl, who always seemed to carry every thing her own way. We had been very good friends, without the slightest spark of affection. She occasionally ridiculed me, and I retorted by pronouncing her heartless.

"Who brought you here?" she went on.

"My guardian, Mr. St. John, and his sister, Mrs. Lawrence."

"Pretty well, so far. What kind of a woman is Mrs. Lawrence? Young, rich and handsome?"

"All three."

"The gods are unjust to bestow so much upon one person. Do you aspire to belleship, Miss Adriance?"

I laughed at her piquant manner, and said "I had no such ambition."

"Then you are not as sensible as I supposed. With your face and style I would have half Newport in love with me, and the other half dying with envy."

"That would not be a very high gratification."

"Don't be saintish and nonsensical! You should have left all that at school. However, if you are generous, I may stand a better chance. I've been here only a week and had an offer already, besides strongly interesting a New York millionaire—but he is old enough to be my father."

"You refused the offer?"

"Of course. He was a young artist, my cousin Carrie's bright particular. She put on airs and went to a stupid little country place, but he seemed to have a fancy for hovering in the flame. He was only singed a little, and will go back to her with more devotion than ever, so no one was hurt. I believe I rather tempted him to come here."

"O, Laura! Why, when you did not mean to marry him?"

"To tease Carrie a little. She has an idea that goodness is all the capital one needs in this world. It is a poor investment to my thinking."

"But truth and honor and generosity ought to meet with some recognition," I said warmly.

"You cling to your first love pertinaciously, I see. A month at Newport will convert you to the true faith. Plain women may carry about a list of virtues as long as their sober faces, but the handsome ones all believe alike. And you are rather magnificent. You've had a little help, for I know you never possessed all these ideas of your own."

I flushed a little and was silent, for we paused at one of the windows. She gave a quick glance around and said—

"Can you see your Mrs. Lawrence? I'm wild to know what sort of a chaperone you have."

"She is sitting by that table yonder, between two ladies, wears blue crape, and has golden ringlets."

"My dear Sydnie, I'm delighted. I can foresee a charming family party. The lady on her left, in mauve silk, is my august mamma, and the other, Mrs. Westervelt, from New York, an intimate friend. And your beautiful Mrs. Lawrence—why, Sydnie, you live in Virginia, don't you?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"You are the most fortunate girl alive! Think how you used to study, as if you expected to teach for a living. I've heard Philip Westervelt talk of this Mr. St. John; they're immense friends. He is as rich as a Jew, and lives elegantly, doesn't he?"

"Laurelwood is a lovely place," I said.

"I'm afraid you'll make me envy you, after all. Why, you have only to captivate your bachelor guardian to become mistress of one of the handsomest estates in the country."

I blushed to my very finger ends, and for an instant was positively angry at her boldness. She saw it.

"My dear," she said good naturedly, "please exercise your Christian forbearance a little. Simplicity is very charming, but it is a woman's duty to make the best marriage she can. We have this advantage over Eastern women in that we are not absolutely sold to the highest bidder, but make ourselves attractive and win him gently."

"Marriage must be something better than that with me," I answered curtly.

"Now here is a modern hero that I should like to fascinate," she re-commenced with animation, "though I have a fancy that he could make a good fight. There's so much in his face, a sort of strength and defiance that always rouses one, and in figure and carriage he is splendid. He has just spoken to Mrs. Westervelt."

"That is Mr. St. John!"

She turned her eyes full upon me, and studied me curiously.

"You're in love with him, of course?"

"I am not in love with him." I tried to say it calmly, but I had a misgiving that my voice was not quite steady. Not because her accusation was true, but from its suddenness.

"Then you are a greater dunce than I imagined. Why, he cannot be much over thirty, just a good age. Was he at home when you went to Laurelwood?"

"He came for me at school. Mrs. Lawrence was in New York awaiting me," I said coldly.

"You *do* mean to marry him? Honor bright, now."

"I have no expectations of the kind, neither will I discuss him in that fashion."

"Don't get vexed. You will not mind if I flirt a little with him?"

"As you like." My tone was calm enough then, but my face burned with secret annoyance.

"I am dying for my introduction. Let us go in."

"O, my dear," Mrs. Lawrence exclaimed in a relieved tone, "I had begun to wonder where you were when I saw Mr. St. John alone. I am glad you have met a friend."

She looked Laura all over, and I had begun to understand her so well that I knew her verdict was favorable. Mrs. Hastings was a stylish and rather haughty looking woman, Mrs. Westervelt very sweet and gracious. Somehow I was drawn to her at once.

Laura and Mr. St. John fell into a light skirmish. Without being absolutely witty, she was quick and piquant, and it appeared to me never enough in earnest to be vexed if any one demolished her opinions. He was not severe, and kept back the sarcasm with which he had treated me on our first meeting. She certainly amused and interested him.

I had never thought Laura handsome at school. She was showy, vivacious, and possessed the art of adapting herself to any person. She had all sorts of beliefs, enthusiasms and graces, and was very generally admired. To-night, amid this brilliance, she did appear unusually attractive.

Presently Mr. St. John took us for a promenade and ices. They had all the conversation, for I only spoke when either appealed to me; but I tried to decide what Laura's fascination for such a man was, and failed. It was quite beyond my ken.

After quite a ramble we found the party discussing a hop that was to take place the next evening. Afterward our circle widened, and I found myself enjoying the gay talk, the music, and the changing groups. The newness interested me strongly.

The next morning we went to ride. A friend of Mr. St. John's sent the horses, and accompanied us himself. A very agreeable gentleman withal, and a rather distinguished looking cavalier. The day was delightful. The sun went in and out among masses of dreamy floating cloud, the fragrant air seemed to throb to the beating of the ocean waves beyond. All around was life, blissful, hopeful life. A kind of auspicious beginning, yet now and then I thought of the solitary child who had first learned to love nature while scrambling over lonely moss-grown rocks. In those restricted visions how could she dream what the dawn of womanhood would be?

It was curious what a listless air the hotel took on about midday. Young men lounged in the shadiest corners of the balconies, finding it too warm for billiards. Bathing was over, dowagers were taking an after-dinner nap, young ladies had disappeared to renew their beauty and freshness for the evening. A droning sort of stillness rather enjoyable after all the crowd and confusion.

Laura insisted that I should come and look over her dresses and help her choose one for the hop.

"I suppose you'll be magnificent. That comes of having a fortune. What a splendid manager Mrs. Lawrence is! Your ride of this morning was just the thing, and created a sensation. That salmon-tinted plume in your hat nearly drove me crazy, and you sat like a duchess. She has given you a royal entree."

"The ride wasn't managed at all. Mr. Blanchard proposed sending his horses over. We simply accepted the invitation."

"Well, if you had taken immense pains, you couldn't have played a better card. I shall have to look well to my laurels in spite of your meek protestations. Half-a-dozen young men are counting upon an introduction to-night. I was quite in demand because I happened to be at school with you."

"I wish you would find other things to talk about," I said pettishly.

"You can't make me cross with you, my dear. I want you for a confidante. I must have some one with whom I can talk over my conquests. In return I will allow you to give me high moral lectures. Perhaps I may profit. But if I stood in your place wouldn't there be one tremendous sensation! You don't half appreciate it. I mean to make love to Mrs. Lawrence and get myself invited to Laurelwood."

I smiled in spite of my annoyance.

"Confession number one will begin to-morrow," she said as I went out of the room.

The hop was enchanting. Thirza made me supremely elegant. Mrs. Lawrence was in a radiant mood, and I was pleased, delighted, charmed. So many handsome and polished men, and lovely women, such brilliant lights and delicious music—low talk behind fans and in corners, dancing, compliments, and enjoyment to the very brim of pleasure's chalice. To know one is capable of inspiring others with admiration, to attract and satisfy insensibly, to see faces brighten at a word, does give one a peculiar contentment. It was my first real entrance into the world of fashion. I used to consider most of the school receptions a bore, and perhaps had based my ideas of parties upon those. That was weak claret to this Moselle.

Laura looked, acted and danced in a most bewildering fashion. Everybody thought her beautiful, and she is a general favorite. Mrs. Westervelt pets her like a daughter. Mrs. Lawrence admires her style and spirit exceedingly. She is considered so frank and amiable, and gains credit for hosts of virtues that she sneers at in private in her flippant way.

What avails it to struggle against the continual temptations that beset one—trying and failing, repenting and making new resolves, when a little surface gilding carries off the palm? Do those who exhort us to be earnest and pure in heart, simple and truthful, really believe these homely virtues win a bright reward? The approval of one's conscience is something, to be sure, but are not the people who seem to be utterly deficient in conscience the happiest? At least they take the smaller share of suffering.

Moralizing over a ball! Well, I *was* happy. The compliments and small talk did not seem as vapid as I expected. Mr. St. John appeared to enjoy it, though he did not dance—never does, his sister says. He was very attentive, introducing people to me, yet he was just as kind to Laura.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

We would suggest to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—and an excellent and greatly needed society it is—to take a glance occasionally at the manner in which horses, monkeys, &c., are treated in our circuses. The whip, we are inclined to think, is much too freely resorted to by those who have the training of these so-called brute performers.

Forepaugh's Menagerie and Circus is now on its travels—an excellent Menagerie and a very poor Circus—but what pleasure can be derived by any intelligent and tender-hearted audience, from the displays of the leading horse (if we may use the term) in that exhibition. To see an animal naturally of a very fine intelligence, with its high spirit all broken down by the whip, and shivering and trembling over the difficult feats required of it, so far from giving pleasure, almost makes a sympathetic observer sick. Ah, let proud man say what he pleases, if a soul does not look out of many a dog's and horse's eye, pleadingly, sorrowfully saying:—"Am not I also a child of the great Creator, and a brother of you who are more gifted?"—then we for one cannot understand how such depth and fervor and intelligence of expression can be possible.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

And cruelty to an animal touches every humane man and woman precisely as cruelty to a human being does—the only difference being one of degree and not of kind.

—— Apropos to this subject, the elephant Romeo, attached to the same exhibition, did a funny thing the other day at Germantown. Going along the road in the preparatory parade, he spied a little pool of muddy water, and drawing up a goodly portion in his trunk, he discharged it all over his keeper, who was riding on horseback near him, muddying his clothes shamefully. Romeo is not a well-behaved animal—we believe he killed a keeper not long since—but doubtless he looks upon this whole matter of his captivity, and his being paraded about to make sport for the philistines, as a very unjust affair. From his limited point of view doubtless he is right.

APPLETON'S NEW BOOK FACTORY.—We have received an engraving of the new Printing House and Bindery erected by the Messrs. Appleton, in Brooklyn. It is a very extensive building, and seems to be admirably adapted in all respects to its purposes. The Appletons do an immense business, and claim now to have one of the best, if not the very best establishment in the Union.

TWO POEMS.

The following, by Tennyson, was recently published in "Good Words"—which paid we don't know how many hundred pounds for it:—

1865.—1866.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "Oh years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

The following is by Mr. Blank, and though he considers it an improvement on Tennyson, he has as yet received nothing for it. "Sich is life!"

1867—1868.

I sat in a 'bus in the wet,
Good Words I had happened to get,
With Tennyson's last bestowing;
And I said "O, bard! who work so hard,
Have you aught that is worth the knowing?
Verses enough, and so boring—
Twaddle quite overflowing,
Rubbish enough for deploring;
But aught that is worth the knowing?
Placards on walls were glowing,
Puffs in the papers pouring,
Good Words roaring and blowing,
Once a Week blowing and roaring."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX; OR, THE COMING WOMAN. A Prophetic Drama. Followed by A CHANGE OF BASE, and DOCTOR MONDSCHEIN. "The Spirit of Seventy-Six," which describes things as they are to be in ten years more, when "the oppressed race of women have succeeded in asserting all their rights," is very well told, and will make a very good parlor drama. A Bostonian returns from China, where he has been for many years, and is astonished at what he hears and sees about him. For instance a young lady he meets, Victorine, answers as follows, when asked, "Is there no gayety in Boston now?"

"Parties, you mean? I really can't tell you: I've hardly been to a party since my Sophomore year. I don't like them. It is so unpleasant asking gentlemen to dance—they make such a favor of it, and the nicest ones are engaged ten deep. And then they always want so much supper! Really, after I've done helping my partner, I'm *so* tired that when I get home I've hardly strength to turn the latch-key. So I don't often go. * * Does your father let you dance round dances?" Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE BROWNLOWS. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston.

PUBLIC SPIRIT. A Monthly Magazine. The April number contains "Mating and Check-mating," "On the Divan," &c. Published by Le Grand Benedict, New York.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for March. Published by Leonard Scott, 140 Fulton street, New York.

DO YOU MEAN TO PROPOSE?

TO BE SET TO MUSIC FOR THE USE OF ALL YOUNG LADIES IN LEAP YEAR.

You come very often, 'tis all very well,
You're a very fine man, and a very big swell;
You've a very good heart, and a very long nose,
But now to the point!—do you mean to propose?

The house is besieged, both by rich and by poor,
Who knock all day long at grandmamma's door;
They turn up their eyes, and they turn out their toes,
But what is all that if they do not propose.

You say that you love me, but love all alone
To unmarried girls is a thing quite unknown;
You sigh and look down, and present me a rose;
But that is all stuff!—do you mean to propose?

I am not so hard hearted as I may appear;
Why stop and look sheepish?—there's nothing to fear.
You men are such geese! only Beelzebub knows
The trouble you give us before you propose!

'Tis almost two seasons since I have been out;
You simper and smile and you whirl me about;
But this is not business, the horrid time goes,
Another will have me if you do not propose!

You take all the airs of a man I've preferred;
You keep off the rest, and don't say a word.
This is not fair play—a fellow who shows
Such uncommon devotion should speak and propose!

I want to be married—do you understand?
You'd give me a world!—only give me your hand!
One can't go on always with cons and with pros,
Never come here again—or be frank and propose!

☞ One of those who suffered most severely by the great Indian Massacre in Minnesota in 1861, having lost his home and all his relatives, has devoted his life since that event to the work of revenge, and already boasts of having killed one hundred and eight redskins.

☞ Forty years ago preparations were made for a marriage between a Mr. Sheppard and a Miss Polly Shipp. For some reason the wedding did not take place. Polly remained single, and, in Woodford county, Ky., the other day, was finally united to her old love, who has now reached the age of three score years and ten. Polly is a lively young creature of something over sixty.

Getting In At Night.

The door was locked when I got home, said Tom, and how to get in without waking the governor was the difficulty. I know he would give me particular fits if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew to be fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of the governor's wife arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in the corner furthermost from the window, and I hoped to be able to get in and through the room without awakening her, and then I had a comparatively easy time of it. So, getting a plank from the neighboring board-pile, I rested it against the eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket and "cooned." All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to rouse suspicion in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up I threw it off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me two or three squares, and who immediately set up the most awful whine a hound ever gave tongue to. That started half a dozen dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced as if he intended to split his throat at it, and a woman in her night clothes appeared at the window across the street. I knew I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our window the candle gave light enough to have discovered me. Nobody came, however, and the lady after peering up and down the street for a minute or two, popped in her head and retired. The mocking bird still kept up his eternal whistle, and it was full half an hour before he and the dog settled down and gave me a chance to move.

Creeping slowly along the wall till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprang in, and with my legs dangling out, stopped to listen. Yes, she was in the room, for I was sure I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute I cautiously drew up one leg, and putting them down on the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was withdrawing them when another yell broke forth at my feet; the old maid jumped from the bed crying "murder!" And the mocking bird started again. A little darkey was lying on her back under the window, and I had stepped on her face, and, of course, woke her up. I decided in a moment what to do. The house would be aroused, and I would be caught to a certainty unless I could get to my room before the governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little nigger was screaming; so I started for the door in three steps, struck a chair, stumbled over it, of course, making the awfulest racket you ever heard in the hours of night in a peaceful house. The nigger and the old maid screamed louder than ever; the mocking bird screamed louder than a steam whistle, and they fairly made a chorus as loud as Julian's.

I reached the door, however, and quietly and swiftly opened it, and just got into the hall in time to see the old gentleman open the door, with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the governor, reached the door, opened it and went in, and in the meantime there were all sorts of confusion and inquiry downstairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they couldn't make much of it. The little darkey was too much frightened and too sound asleep at the time to tell the truth, and the upshot of the business was that they concluded that she had been dreaming, and the governor, after giving her a sound shaking and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors from the window, went back to his own room again.

"So far so good." I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, make for my room, which was in the second story of the brick building that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again, I started.

Boys, did you ever try to get up or down a pair of stairs at midnight without making a noise? You may try it all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are sure, to awake everybody. I had got nearly to the bottom, when a little dog came trotting up the entry toward me, yelling furiously. A suppressed "come here, Zip!" silenced him, for he recognized me; but the little fellow started the mocking bird, and all the dogs in the neighborhood having learned to take the cue, of course joined the chorus for a third time.

I ran along the passage, reached the door, and unlocked it just as the governor, aroused the second time, opened his door, and seeing a man coming from the house by the back way, of course cried "Thieves! thieves!" and made a rush after me; I was too quick for him, though, opened the door, sprang out, made for the door that opened into the room below mine, and had just reached it, when crash! within a foot of my bed went a brick, and a voice that I knew belonged to the next door neighbor, Tompkins, joined the governor in the cry of "Thieves! thieves! murder! murder!" I was safe enough.

Running up stairs, I "shelled" myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed, sound asleep in half a minute.

Wasn't there a row though? I never heard so many dogs before—the mocking bird, of course, was outdoing all previous efforts—the chickens began to crow—Tompkins, next door, was hallooing "Thieves!" and calling the governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of noises, and talking among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling "Tom! Tom!"

Tom, fortunately, was sound asleep, snoring.

Jumping from my bed I raised the window, rubbed my eyes and looked particularly frightened (which I wasn't) and asked:

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?"

"There's thieves in the house," was the reply; "get your gun and come down—be quick."

"He's in the room below you," hallooed Tompkins; "I'm certain of it; I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire-brick at him. I know he didn't pass the door, Mr. Jones."

I was directed to look out for myself; the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that time, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there were a dozen or more men in the yard armed with guns, pistols and sticks.

The governor led the attack; opening the door, he called:

"Come out of here, you house-breaking scoundrel! If you attempt to resist, I'll blow your brains out."

Nobody came, however.

"Watch the door while I go in;" and I was told to look sharp, and shoot the rascal if he came up stairs. A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in the room.

"He's up-stairs then?" cried Tompkins, "for I'll take my Bible oath that he didn't pass the door."

So up-stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no burglar there. The strictest search, even looking under a boot, didn't show the faintest trace of him.

The yard was examined, then the house, and everybody was tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped; but I was appointed sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to go to sleep on my post, (but I did,) under the penalty of a flogging.

The articles missing, on a thorough investigation the next day, were two pies and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a day or two, being discovered under the carpet, but the pies have not been accounted for even to this day. On oath I could have given very material testimony to the deposit of the stolen property, but the case didn't come before any court, and I remained quiet.

Didn't the local editors loom though? One of them elongated himself through a half column, and headed the article, "A Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder!" describing with graphic particulars the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss L——— and her servant, complimented the coolness of R. Tompkins, Esq., perorating with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the policemen.

It was fun for me to see with what wide-awake sagacity the watchman used to stop at our front door and listen during his rounds for a month after. The excitement died away, though, after a while. But I'll never forget the night I tried to get in without making a noise.

☞ The British army needs about eighty million dollars to keep up appearances this year. Ours needs half as much more, we are sorry to say.

☞ It may interest the Brown family, of whom we believe one or two reside in this neighborhood, to know that the Browns are to meet at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, this week, to devise means to secure a property of untold value in England, which ought to belong to them. A Boston newspaper, which evidently does not number many Browns among its readers, says of this matter, that every Brown who goes to St. Johnsbury ought at once to have his name changed to Green. [Let no Brown write to us, this is all we know.—*Ed. Post.*]

☞ Elastic boot heels are among the latest reported inventions, and the American Artisan commends them.

☞ Mrs. Cortes, of Trenton, was in the last car of a train returning from New York, when some man shook a handkerchief impregnated with a pungent smell over her face, by which she was instantly rendered unconscious. She ran out of the car, after a struggle, and jumped off just as the car was stopping at Rahway, and was running wildly up the track when secured. Her money was taken from her person, and a violent effort was made to pull a heavy gold ring from her finger. Her dress was cut and torn, the bosom and pockets being cut open by the thieves. It is doubtful if she ever recovers from the effects of the chloroform.

☞ The heaviest single transaction in wheat ever known in the Chicago market, took place recently. Ramsey Bros. sold to A. Dow one hundred thousand bushels No. 2 spring wheat at two dollars and ten cents, cash.

☞ The armies of Europe are said to be larger at present than at any time since the wars of the First Napoleon. France has 1,300,000 men, of whom 550,000 are in the reserve. England has 200,000 men; Prussia 600,000; Italy about 215,000; Austria 700,000; Russia 800,000, with 400,000 more in reserve, and Spain about 80,000.

☞ To Cure a Catarrh.—The best method of treatment is dry friction over the whole surface of the body. The use, night and morning, of a coarse towel, or hair mitten, so as to produce a glow upon the surface of the body, will not fail to cure, or benefit, nine cases out of ten. Let all the clothing be removed, no matter how cold the weather; and, with the "air bath" thus secured, and friction over the entire surface, the troublesome difficulty is soon removed.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

☞ A marriage ceremony recently came to a rather abrupt termination in Providence, in consequence of the to-be bride putting in a stipulation that the to-be bridegroom should thenceforth eschew his cigar. The young man replied that he could get along very much more comfortably without a wife than he could without his weed, and consequently the proposed marriage "ended in smoke."

☞ The "steam man," from Newark, is to walk for a wager from New York to Albany. A gentleman has wagered $1,000 that he cannot go the distance without breaking down. The friends of the steam man are confident that he will win. He will only travel in the day time, not for the reason that sleep is necessary for him, but out of consideration for the comforts of his attendants.

☞ The New England Methodist Conference has unanimously resolved in favor of prohibiting the sale of liquor.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Impeachment.—The trial of the President is progressing, and the Managers expect to close the case for the prosecution in a short period.

Congress.—The bill repealing the tax on certain manufactures has been signed by the President, and is now a law. No movement has been made yet towards repealing the oppressive Income Tax.

Rhode Island.—Governor Burnside is re-elected by a majority of 4,300—a Republican gain of 115 over last year. Mr. Sprague will be re-elected U. S. Senator.

Germany.—The Naturalization Treaty with the United States, has been ratified almost unanimously by the Federal Parliament. Bismarck stated that hereafter no native of Germany, naturalized in the United States, would be molested on account of his obligations to his parent country, within the borders of the Confederation. The Polish members were among the small minority who voted against the ratification.

Anti-Prussian riots have taken place in Northern Bavaria. Crowds gathered at several places and made violent demonstrations against the Prussian influence and union with the Northern Confederation.

The Southern States.—The New York Commercial Bulletin, in the course of an article on the business interests of the South, says that the depreciation in value of farm land in that section since 1860, has been over $646,000,000. In a few sections an influx of Northern settlers has checked the depreciation, but generally, the South is in the lowest state of depression. In Louisiana, lands that were valued at $125 per acre in 1859, are now assessed at $5. Valuable sugar plantations, with machinery that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, cannot be sold at any price.

TRAIN CROWETH.

"That 's Train again."
—Shaks: *Merchant of Venice.*

His noble self.	Listen, listen, all the world, 'Tis *I* that speak to you; Three crows for Train, my noble self. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
He is devilish clever.	Street railways! lots in Omaha! I know a thing or two! I'm devilish smart! I'm up to snuff! Cock-a-doodle doo.
He anticipates.	The White House soon will be my home, Clear out, you stupid crew, Make room for Train, the President. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
He couldn't be kept.	They seized me on the Scotin, And into prison threw; But soon the rascals let me out. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
He denounceth.	Derby and Adams I denounced, A rousing blast I blew; Derby and Adams straight resigned. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
He stumpeth.	I "stumped" all over Ireland, Enormous houses drew. The people wild for love of me! Cock-a-doodle-doo.
He huggeth himself.	In everybody's mouth I am, The old world and the new; This, this is fame, Train, hug yourself. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
The English Cabinet trembles.	The rotten English government Is in a fearful stew, The Cabinet trembles in its boots. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
The British lion is afraid.	The British lion slinks away, Whenever I say "boo," And hides his tail between his legs. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
He writeth an epigram.	Epigrams I sometimes write; I'll end with one that's new: "The whistle of street-railway Train, Is—Cock-a-doodle-doo." —*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ Among the presents made ex-King George of Hanover, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, there are no fewer than 1,073 cushions worked by hand.

☞ The young ladies at Cambridge City, Ia., in convention assembled, have resolved that the young men shall not be permitted to accompany them home from meeting unless they go to meeting with them.

☞ A Cincinnati lady has seven husbands living. Her address is the city jail.

☞ A New Idea.—We notice the following item in one of our exchanges:—"Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, and Miss McDaniel of Washington City, were married last week in Glenwood Cemetery, near that city, by the side of the grave of the bride's mother. The Washington Intelligencer thinks the idea a very 'extraordinary' one."

☞ A small quantity of pulverized bicarbonate of soda added to ordinary gum arabic or other mucilage, and well shaken up, will prevent the latter from becoming sour and otherwise offensive.

☞ The drain of silver to Asia is exciting great attention in other parts of the world. In fourteen years, upwards of six hundred and fifty million dollars were exported from England and the Mediterranean alone to Asia.

☞ A grand base ball tournament will be played at Niagara Falls in May, to last probably two or three weeks. Among the clubs present will be many from Canada. Among those from the United States will be the Atlantics, Athletics, Mutuals, etc.

☞ A down-town merchant, after attending one of our gymnasiums only three weeks, was enabled to take up several very heavy notes.

☞ The London Spectator says twenty-five years of Geo. F. Train's life—as he values imprisonment—would more than extinguish the national debt. The imagination reels before his sublime pecuniary measure of his own importance.

"ONE OF THE CHOSEN."

[Suggested by an engraving with this title recently published by Bradley & Co., 66 N. Fourth street, Philadelphia.]

There are flowers that unclose and bloom in the early morning, to faint, and fade, and die, ere the first sunbeam can kiss the dew from off their fragile cheeks, while their hardier kin flaunt out their lives undaunted, in the face of sun, and wind, and shower. There are children whose blossom-like lives unclose, whose sweetness thrills us, and whose tender, serious, wistful ways fill us with vague forebodings—who faint, and fade, and die, while their sturdier playmates shout and dance, and grow away from childhood's freshness into sorrowful men and women. Such a child has caught the Artist's eye and been depicted by him as "One of the Chosen."

A sweet oval face with long, light, waving hair, dropping loosely away from the low, wide forehead. The parted lips, the upward gaze, the rapt, large look of the intense eyes, the folded hands, the inexpressibly beseeching, timid, pathetic grace of expression, touch us with an emotion too deep for tears. Overhead stretches God's sky and His infinite heavens, into which the form seems floating away, away, beyond our reach.

Perhaps God gave you a child once, to fill your heart with gladness and "make a sunshine in a shady place." A little girl with quiet, grave, unchildish ways, whose lip quivered at an ungentle tone or look, or even the cadence of a word—whom music seemed to rest and sunsets soothe. A child who shrank from plays and laughter, and chose rather to stray in unfrequented corners, and pore over old picture-books of Brownies, and Elves, and Fairy lore, or mayhap engravings of the Christ-child. Who came to your side at twilight, and caressed you with timid earnestness, and babbled of Heaven and the Angels, and speculated quaintly as to what the stars were, and what the flowers whispered to each other, until your soul grew wild with pain, and love, and foreboding, and you clasped her to your heart as though you would hold her there forever.

Presently you notice that the sweet, serious face grows a little paler, the eyes larger and more spiritual, the light footsteps fainter. The tiny, fragile figure climbs to your arms now, instead of resting at your knee, for she is "so tired."

"You watch, you agonize, you beseech; your weary Heaven with your prayers, and still the child fades, fades beyond your ken, till all that is left is a memory—the withered wreath that rested on her coffin lid, and a "low mound starred with daisies."

All—oh! sorrowing mother, is there not a hope beyond? Rest your wild heart, subdue your tears, and wear it as the crowning jewel of your life, that your child is "One of the Chosen."

Not for her the dusty highway, the toilsome stretch of years, the weary, unsatisfied heart of age—not for her the temptation, the defeat, the sorrow and self-scorn—not for her dead hopes, and buried joys, and restless longings.

Borne away through short and flowery bypaths she rests by the river of Life forever. And we who wait, and weep, and pray, thank God with rushing tears and breaking hearts for "One of His Chosen." H. B.

A Baby's Soliloquy.

I am here. And, if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scrabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. The old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two day's old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emmeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white faced woman over on the pillow is Emmeline.

No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I "was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's another one—that's "Ganma." Emmeline told me, and she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said, "It was Ganma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and, maybe, I'll find out.

There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face? I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?

BROKEN HEARTS.

When other things are broken, they are nothing worth,
Unless it be to some old Jew or some repairer;
But hearts, the more they're bruised and broken here on earth,
In heaven are so much the costlier and the fairer.

☞ Mr. Speke (the English runaway) is said to be now in a private lunatic asylum, where he has been placed because he labors under the delusion that his family dislike him.

☞ The city taxes of William B. Astor amount to $245,000.

☞ Mrs. Hopkins, a resident of Ironton, Ohio, now eighty-four years of age, it is stated, has not drank any water for sixty years, using only such beverages as tea and coffee, and those moderately.

☞ A woman astonished the worshippers in a church at Utica, N. Y., last Sunday week, by taking down her back hair and fixing it up again.

☞ A portrait of the prudish Monken, taken in conjunction with the shy and modest Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, has been issued the by London Stereoscopic Company, and is the occasion of considerable comment.

A LYRIC.

I.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong,—
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

II.

"Alas! how hardly things go right,—
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day."

Ventilation.—There has, of late, been much discussion as to the proper method of ventilating apartments, some requiring the opening to be at the bottom of the room, and others at the top. A recent author says both are right; that the noxious gases generated by respiration, by emanations from the body, and by combustions, are of two kinds—some, like carbonic acid, being heavier than air, and tending to settle towards the floor, others by rising to the ceiling. If, therefore, openings be made at both levels, these gases will flow out, especially if the fresh air be introduced through a register, intermediate between the two. In this, however, care must be taken to avoid a direct draft of incoming air on the body, which would, of course, tend to produce cold.

Best Book for Everybody.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era.*

☞ Two anxious parents paid $150 for a special train from Portland to Boston recently, in order to visit a daughter who was dangerously ill.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

One Ounce of Gold will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

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If people who suffer from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with. ap4-2t

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Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those brown discolorations on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

Persons of a nervous tendency are more liable to suffer from Neuralgia, Nerve-ache and other painful nervous affections than from other diseases, therefore should not forget that in Dr. Turner's Tic Douloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill a *sure* remedy is to be found. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 190 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package: by mail, two postage stamps extra. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

Holloway's Ointment.—Asthma and Quinsy; frightful diseases! exclaims the reader. We admit they were frightful thirty years ago; but Holloway's Ointment has disarmed them of their danger; by its use they can now be quickly and permantly cured; it never fails. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, John G. Schienle to Hannah Gelter, both of this city.

On the 26th of March, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Alexander S. Van Beek, of Del. county, Pa., to Miss Sarah B. Harris, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 18th of March, by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, Mr. Allen E. Shearer to Miss Sallie Schuyler, both of this city.

On the 25th of March, by the Rev. John McLeod, Mr. Thomas Brown to Miss Elizabeth Henry, both of this city.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. Francis E. French to Miss Sarah H. Frear, daughter of Mr. B. Frear, both of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

On the 31st of March, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor McMichael, Henry Tyson, Jr., to Amanda Althouse, both of Bucks county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 21st of March, Margaret, wife of Thomas Morgan, aged 48 years.

On the 21st of March, David Walker, in his 29th year.

On the 30th of March, Mary J., wife of Wm. F. Patterson, aged 21 years.

On the 29th of March, John Fribung, son of Bayard and Susan M. Robinson, in his 21st year.

On the 26th of March, Mrs. Ann Palmer, in her 88th year.

On the 28th of March, Mr. Paul Burk, in his 61st year.

On the 28th of March, Cornelius Conard, in his 84th year.

On the 27th of March, Mr. Thomas Martin, in his 54th year.

On the 27th of March, Rebecca, relict of the late John Laraclere, in her 60th year.

SEARED.

Only a little wiser, perhaps,
  Yet somewhat sadder too;
'Tis always sad to awake and find
  A pleasant dream untrue.

To find that lips had loved you well,
  But Heart stood coldly by,
Nor recked that the white hand trembled so,
  Or the lid of the well-taught eye.

Still she did all she had to do,
  I'll blame her not, not I;
She was merely acting Woman
  In the drama of A Lie!

Yet 'tis from this part of Woman,
  That one all simple now,
First learns to forget to be true in love,
  To smile at the broken vow!

Say then if he see it often played,—
  Seems it so passing strange
That a heartless love seems sweet enough,
  That he care not now to change?—

If heart be a thing so hard to find,
  That he rest from his search awhile,
Content to be wooed by the brightest eye,
  Or to bask in the sunniest smile?

No, she must learn that a heart once seared
  Or dies in its cold, proud pain,
Or is healed by the smile of as false as she,
  But never by hers again.

Yet she does all she has to do.
  I'll blame her not, not I;
She is merely acting Woman
  In the drama of A Lie!

Delilah; or, My Whiskers.

Sir Thomas Winton and I are fellow-directors of a Company which will never, I fear, make the fortunes of either of us; but it pays its way—five per cent. on capital, the salaries of secretary, clerks, and porter, and the guinea-fees of the directors, are always punctually forthcoming. Now, it is a singular fact, that however well off a man may be, a guinea always has an attraction for him; and Sir Thomas Winton, when in town, is very regular in his attendance at the Board.

The charms of general conversation are not unknown at those social business gatherings, and Sir Thomas and I often discuss our favorite topics. He is a sporting character; my hobby is the drama. And so a certain intimacy has sprung up between us.

"Are you anything of a shot, Mr. Chevers?" Sir Thomas asked me one day early in last July.

"I am very much out of practice," I replied; "but I used to be a fair average performer with the gun some years ago. When I get an odd day now, I am apt to be too anxious."

"At any rate, you are fond of the sport?"

"Very."

"Then you must come down to my place, and try your hand—will you?"

"You are very kind."

"And if you like a day or two's hunting for a change, I will give you a mount."

"Thank you; I shall be most happy."

"You will not mind coming rather late in the season? We generally have a houseful of young people in November, and I keep some covers unbeaten for the occasion. And if we have a touch of frost, there will be some snipe."

I thanked Sir Thomas Winton again, and thought no more of the matter.

Invitations of that kind are so very rife after luncheon—sherry being a heart-expanding fluid—and are so often forgotten, that I never expected to hear again of this one. I was quite surprised, therefore, when a kind letter from Sir Thomas came in November, reminding me of my promise to come and stay with him, and fixing the day.

So I went down to Winton, and found that Sir Thomas had a very good notion of fitting up a country-house. Every bedroom had a dressing-room attached with a bath in it, and hot and cold water laid on; and a warm bath before dinner, after violent exercise, is one of the greatest luxuries in the sybarite's list. Then the breakfast arrangements were capital; guests entered the room at any hour they pleased, rang the bell, and ordered what they liked, just as if they were at a hotel. But all this, which is common enough in large English country-houses, does not give the idea of comfort I wish to convey, and which consisted in the ease and smoothness with which all the wheels of the household turned. There was no fuss or bother, or forced hospitality; but if you wanted anything, you got it at once, without trouble or delay.

But I am anticipating. I have only just reached the house at present. Sir Thomas Winton was a widower, and his present family consisted of two daughters, somewhere between eighteen and thirty, and a son in the Lancers, now at home on leave. There were several guests besides myself: Captain Seymour, a brother-officer of young Winton's, with a suspected desire of forming another fraternal connection with him; "Paddy" O'Brian of the Foreign Office, a sort of social Crichton; and others. Of the fairer visitors, I need only mention one, Ada Dart, for what man of sound mind could notice any other girl when she was in the room? Well, Captain Seymour could do so; but then he was infatuated and not of sound mind—suffering from younger Miss Winton on the brain, in fact. It surprised me very much to see the beautiful Ada sail into the drawing-room before dinner on the evening of my arrival. I had met her at a dinner-party and three balls; I had attended her with grateful humility throughout the whole of a picnic, and her image rose before me rather more often than I liked. It is very unpleasant to be haunted by a face; to see it whenever you smoke a quiet solitary pipe; when you lean back and shut your eyes in a railway-carriage; when you are trying to get to sleep at night. I really do not know which is worst—to have a beautiful woman or a tune running in your head.

Of course I was not in that absurd state which the ancients style "enamored," and the moderns "spoony;" I am of my age, and despise romance. The man who loves any one but himself, or values anything more than hard cash, is an idiot, and I hope that I am free from such an extreme of weakness. But to a certain sort of attraction, or fancy, or admiration, I must plead guilty. Marriage is a state which is considered by many hard-headed practical men to have its advantages, and it did occur to me that if ever I tested them, it would be rather pleasant to do so in partnership with Ada Dart.

I had no idea that she was acquainted with the Wintons, and her unexpected presence looked quite like a fatality. If ever, when expecting to find yourself in the midst of strangers, you have discovered a familiar face among them, you may remember what a pleasant revulsion it caused in your feelings, and how a mere acquaintanceship bore the look of intimate friendship by the contrast.

"What!" said I, "do you know the Wintons?"

"Yes," she replied, looking rather astonished at my tone: "I have known them since I was quite a little thing; Sarah Winton is my great ally."

Her reply showed an absurdity and an undue assumption of intimacy in my exclamation, which would have been very numbing to reflect upon in the presence of most ladies; but Ada Dart was like the sun; it was impossible to feel cold or numb when she was shining on you: and she always shone; I do not believe she ever snubbed a poor fellow in her life. She would laugh at him, indeed, on very slight provocation, but those who would have resented ridicule the soonest in any one else, were never offended with Ada; no one ever frowned at her, or disliked her, or scolded her, or failed to pet and spoil her since she was first placed in the cradle, I believe.

And a ridiculous proverb asserts that beauty is only skin deep! For she was beautiful; even other beauties acknowledged that. All they could do was to compare her with models of a totally distinct style, or to suggest that certain natural charms might be due to art. She was plump and white as a baby; each of her large hazel eyes had a distinct soul in it; where other mortals possessed knuckles, she had dimples; her ear was a flower, her— But I dare not dwell on her charms, so, pray, try to imagine them. It is an impossibility; but never mind—try.

I could not remain long by her side; the room was full of strangers, with many of whom I had now to form acquaintance for the first time, even the ladies of the house being unknown to me. I was eventually paired off with a companion who was much interested in the Catholic revival, and evidently thought little of me after making the unfortunate discovery that I did not know what colored stole should be worn in ember-weeks. My dinner was spoiled by a perpetual dread of speaking with levity of things she reverenced; and if I had not at last happily hit upon the safe course of violently abusing the Low Church party, I believe that I should have had an indigestion.

The place I coveted at the side of Ada Dart was filled by Paddy O'Brian, who had a wonderful and enviable power of showing politeness and apparent attention to the general company, while really attaching himself to one selected individual. I had met O'Brian at the same parties as Ada, but had never noticed any particular attentions on his part. Now, however, he seemed to be establishing a flirtation in form, which was serious; for a man may go very far in a public ball-room with comparative impunity, but trifling in a country-house is a very different matter.

Before the evening was over, I felt certain that I had no chance of "walking over" for the prize, and also that she was worth winning; for Paddy was not the man to court undowered beauty; indeed, he could not afford so romantic a proceeding.

When the ladies retired, most of the men repaired to the billiard-room, where cigars and grog were provided; but the majority were tired, and went to bed early, leaving O'Brian and myself to finish a game.

"Well," said he as soon as we were alone, "I suppose that you and I have been asked down here for the same thing."

"Oh, yes; the shooting, you mean," I replied.

"Shooting! That's the polite way of paying us. They want us to help them with their private theatricals."

"Oh, they are going to get up private theatricals, are they?"

"To be sure, or you would never have been asked to Winton Hall, nor I either, faith! I got it all out of Miss Dart.

"'Who will tell us what to do about scenery, dresses, and all the little details?' said Miss Winton, when the family took the stage fever badly last summer. 'Don't you know some one, papa?'

"'I have it!' cried Sir Thomas. 'One of our directors is great on the drama; at least he talks of nothing else, and though not a Solomon, that seems to be his specialty.'

"'But is he presentable?' asked Julia Winton—Seymour's girl, you know.

"'Oh, yes,' replied Sir Thomas: 'he has paid up on his shares, and he aspirates his *h*s, and he has really very fine whiskers.'"

"Shut up, O'Brian!" said I. "Do not foist off your own impertinences upon the innocent.—And what were you asked here for?"

"To act, of course. If it had not been for my success in Sir Lucius O'Trigger at Lady Sock's, I might have gone hang before ever I'd have been a guest in this elegant establishment. Oh, there is no shirking the truth with me, my boy: nobody does anything for nothing in this world."

There was undoubtedly a sediment of truth at the bottom of this frothy cynicism of O'Brian's; for on the following day, the subject of private theatricals was quietly broached in my presence by the Misses Winton; and it soon became evident that their heads, and those of the majority of their guests, were running upon nothing else, so that even if the drama had not been my particular hobby, my sympathetic nature would probably have been carried away by the general excitement.

My theatrical tastes had never as yet led me to take a part in any performance, and, indeed, of the ladies and men forming the present company, Ada Dart and O'Brian were the only two who were not about to make their first appearance upon any stage. Of course, these experienced members took a prominent lead, besides being necessarily drawn together in a confidential way which it was very unpleasant for me to witness. Jealousy and envy so stirred my bile that I was inclined to regret the good old days of duelling, when I might have picked a quarrel with my rival, and so had a chance of removing him from my path. But the way in which the odious Irishman knocked over the pheasants and rabbits, and a particular snap-shot, fired from the hip, which was fatal to a woodcock, forced me to own that there was a deep truth in the ingenious assertion so constantly repeated in newspaper articles, that private combat is a "cowardly practice."

But I had my turn of being placed *en rapport* with the entrancing Ada. The fine old hall of Winton Park was to be our theatre, and it was my particular province to take the best advantage of the many natural facilities of the place; to arrange about the scenery; to find out what were the proper dresses for the plays we were to perform, &c.; and Ada Dart being the only person whose counsel was of real service in a case of difficulty, I was perpetually obliged to appeal to her. Dangerously intoxicating were those conferences, which, I confess, I prolonged needlessly; indeed, I used sometimes to get up a vexatious opposition to her wishes, in order to give our discussion a matrimonial flavor. Heigh-ho!

The plays selected were *The Belle of Penzance*, followed by the farce of *Eyes and Nose;* and the distribution of parts was a work for Job or Solomon, most of the company at first declaring their utter inability to take the simplest characters, and coming round gradually to demanding the principal *roles*. At our first general meeting, it really seemed doubtful whether it would be possible to cast the mildest and lightest of pieces in the British *repertoire;* but at the end of a fortnight, if *Othello* could have been rewritten with three Moors, four Desdemonas, and two Iagos, our little company "had stomach for them all." When we came to actual trial, however, the powers of each performer got to be estimated by the others at somewhere about their right value, and we settled into our places accordingly.

I was cast for Fortescue, which was too prominent a part for my taste; for besides that, on principle, I very much prefer that other people should amuse me to reversing that proceeding, I hated having so much to learn by heart.

That was another odd effect—we all seemed to have gone back to school. At every turn in the house or grounds, you would come upon a young lady or gentleman, with knitted brows, and eyes fixed on either earth or sky, muttering. "I say, Chevers, just hear me my part, like a good fellow," Captain Seymour would say. Then a young lady would make a similar request, and put her hands behind her back while repeating her task, from sheer force of association. Two to one, if, when playing at billiards, the striker, after using the long rest, said: "Just give me my cue, please," some one exclaimed: "Hark, they come!" or, "But more of this anon;" or, "We will speak further upon the matter."

In a little time, matters began to run smoothly, and we had our first rehearsal. By recalling to mind the different actors I had seen in my part, and endeavoring to imitate them, I succeeded better than I had anticipated, and gained considerable applause. "But," said O'Brian, "you must shave, you know. The idea of Fortescue with those whiskers is too absurd."

Now, my whiskers were black, pendent, silky, and had cost me an infinity of trouble. It had taken five years of constant care and scientific training to bring them to their present state of perfection. Any one without experience in the matter would hardly credit the amount of time and labor, not to mention the mere money, that I had expended upon them. Little soft brushes, delicate combs, bottles of a peculiar oil, more delicate than is ever used for the head, and called "Brilliantine," were appropriated to their service. When I visited my haircutter, that artist would deliberate for at least five minutes before he could come to a definite conclusion upon the important point whether he should take the "bends" off. When I took my walks abroad at Scarborough, and the breezes fluttered them over my shoulders, scornful indeed was the beauty whose eyes did not light up with admiration as she passed. Even envious men were unable to withhold their tribute of praise. "Chevers, my boy," observed Rivers, who has spent his own fortune, and is looking out for a wife's, "my figure is twenty thousand; but, by gad, if I had your face-hair, I'd make it *forty*!"

You may judge my feelings, then, when it was seriously proposed that I should *shave*. I repudiated the notion with a shuddering earnestness which seemed to amuse some of the company, and they all set to work to argue me out of my objection to the sacrifice.

"They will grow again," said one Miss Winton.

"I am sure Mr. Chevers's face would look better without them," added the other.

"Yes; there is a particularly fine contour, which is completely hidden at present," said O'Brian.

"How do you know that, Paddy?"

"Contour or not," said I firmly, "if you cannot put up with a whiskered Fortescue, some one else must take the part." And to that resolution I stuck in spite of flattery, persuasion, and satire for three days. And I got it hot, too, at times.

First one and then another male visitor was tried in my part, and found wanting.

On the fourth morning after breakfast, Ada Dart expressed a wish to learn how to play at billiards. O'Brian was not in the room, and I seized the opportunity of offering my services, which were accepted. She had been singularly reticent upon the razor question, a circumstance which led me to hope that she would not have seen the sacrifice expected from me without a pang; but now, while I was engaged in the too perilous occupation of teaching her how to make a bridge, she broached the subject.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Chevers," said she, "that you cannot take the part of Fortescue. You must change with Mr. O'Brian; that is the only way in which we can manage it, and even that will spoil the play."

"Is it quite necessary that Fortescue should be whiskerless?" I asked faintly.

"Why, judge for yourself; how would a powdered wig look with—*them?* The worst of it is," she added, "that when I undertook the—the part of Maria, it was with the supposition that you would be the Fortescue."

Those who are unacquainted with *The Belle of Penzance*, must be told that Fortescue is the lover of Maria, and several half-romping, half-amorous scenes are enacted between them; knowing this, if they had heard how Ada hesitated, and seen how she blushed as she spoke, they would not wonder that my breath came short, and a singing arose in my ears. My left hand closed upon the fingers which were forming that bridge; my right arm stole round her form; I felt intoxicated by the magnetic halo which floated about her hair.

"Take care!" she said; "I cannot make my stroke if you come so close."

I knew there was such a thing as throwing away a race by making the running too early.

"Hit your owown b-b-b-ball in the exact centre, and rather high," I stammered, "and you—you would not like O'Bri—that is, any other fellow to to—take that part, in fact."

"I declare I won't answer you!" she cried. "Of course, I know you, and never saw most of the others before, and such things make all the difference, you know. To be kissed, even in the make-believe, by a man one has seen for the first time a week before, makes one feel nervous; but there!" Ecstasy! she classed O'Brian with the men "she had only known for a week!" Then she had not noticed him at all those parties.

And she *had* noticed and remembered *me*.

"Oh, that you knew me still better! Oh, that it was not make-believe! Let us rehearse our parts."

"Where is the use," she murmured, "if you will not make a small sacrifice?" And she looked so deliciously shy and conscious, that I cried in rapture: "I'll do it!"

"What! part with these?" and she laid a finger more beautiful than Aurora's on one of my whiskers.

"Yes."

"You must give me one as a memento. Get up; there's some one coming!"

It was Miss Winton and Captain Seymour, who came just in time to prevent a formal offer. I went off to my bedroom, locked the door, opened my dressing-case, took out scissors and razor, and began the dreadful task.

Infatuated, mad that I was, I inserted the expanded points of the fatal shears, gave a convulsive clip, and in half a minute the carefully tended growth of years fell to the dressing-table. I cannot bear to recall how I looked at that moment. As quickly as was possible, I cut off the companion whisker, and then shaved my cheeks clean.

On my way down-stairs, I met Sir Thomas, who stopped, stared, and asked my name. He did not recognize me. Young Winton, who was always late, was breakfasting when I entered the morning-room. He dropped a cup of hot coffee over his knees, and nearly choked.

Leaving him in his misery, I encountered a young-lady visitor, who crammed her pocket-handkerchief into her mouth, and fled.

But it would be tedious to recount the effect I produced upon each individual member of the household. All, even the faithless Ada, laughed at my appearance, except O'Brian, who looked upon my transformation from a purely dramatic point of view. Others were divided as to whether I most resembled a plucked fowl or a recently shorn sheep, but the veritable amateur said: "Sure he will make an elegant Fortescue," and stuck to that view of the question.

The company soon got used to the alteration, and the dramatic business now went as smoothly as a hand passed over my cheeks. I had the intoxicating privilege, the tantalizing element in which was tempered by hope, of making second-hand love to Ada in daily rehearsals, till at last the day of positive performance arrived.

We all knew our parts, but whether we acted them well or not, it is difficult to judge; our audience was bound in common politeness to be pleased, and the flattering applause and profuse congratulations we received cannot be counted for much. At any rate, everybody *seemed* delighted, and the whole affair was voted a success.

When a *fete* which has cost some time, thought, and labor in the preparation, is over, a heavy weariness and depression is apt to weigh upon the principal actors, and this, I believe, was the case with the majority of the company assembled at Winton Hall.

But I felt nothing of this. What were private theatricals or balls, past or future, to me? Means to an end, one end—Ada. How could my mind be cloudy if she smiled upon me? How feel depressed when such hopes elevated me?

On the morning following the performance, I awoke early with a firm determination to turn mimic courtship into earnest, and force a plain yes or no from her that very day. To lie in bed with such a prickle in the pillow was quite impossible, so I got up, dressed, and went for a walk. On passing through the garden on my way back to breakfast, I became aware that some one else was also in high spirits, for a well-known voice behind the shrubbery was singing *The Pigs in the Morning;* and on turning the corner of a path which brought me into a little open dell sacred to rhododendrons, I came upon O'Brian, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, executing a *pas seul* to a vocal accompaniment.

"Ah!" he cried on seeing me, "sure you have caught me making a fool of myself. But it is a good thing my mother's only son has done for me this fine morning. Congratulate me, my boy!"

"Certainly," said I, feeling a little sickly. "What on?"

"I am going to be married to the prettiest little angel that ever wore boots and had a nice little sum all at her own disposition into the bargain. Whoop!"

It was too true; he had stolen a march upon me. I left Winton two hours afterwards.

Thank you; yes, my whiskers are gradually recovering, and I expect to be able to walk out by daylight in another month or so. At present, they are in the blacking-brush stage.

☞ Thackeray said the drollest thing he heard while in this country, and the most characteristically American, was the remark of a New Yorker:—"Oh, I have no objection to England, Mr. Thackeray. The only thing I should be afraid of would be to go out at night there, lest I might step off."

☞ Give your son a trade, and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune. —*Franklin.*

☞ Gen. Grant's reticence is at last accounted for. His father says he never went to school to a woman.

"Choosing a Wife."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ZIG.

"The world, tail foremost, will advance,
Like Freedom in degenerate France,
Will sidle, crawfish-fashion, out of night,
And men grow blind by having too much light."

That isn't exactly what the ancient rhyme says, but as I'm advancing in years, and losing my memory, and consequently can't recollect the third line of my quotation, I hope to be forgiven for interpolating a line of my own. That is to say, it is probably the bones of the original missing line, covered with a kind of cheap shoddy integument from my own brains. I don't know whether it is or not.

That is neither here nor there, however. I only meant to hint, in my weak way, my Christian friends, that with all the onomies and ologies, the atomics and otomies, the nog, tog, and lographics of these days, in my opinion folks who write sometimes get their wits knocked into *pi*. I myself am troubled that way, frequently. So that the scribbling fraternity occasionally write articles which sound as though their authors had sat down in a muddy lane to write, and the whole procession of sciences had passed by, and each one in passing had given a jog to the elbow of each unhappy author's brains. Not to put it over-politely, they often write as though they were half-crazy.

It's an uncanny thing to know too much.

That was what I thought when I read that queerish piece—"Choosing a Wife." Friends, upon my honor, it's the most ridiculous thing I ever saw in my life! It is unadulterated nonsense reduced to a science. What a muddle folks make of it when they undertake to tell other folks whom they shall love and marry. Whenever people go to giving any of their blessed advice on that subject, I always want to tell them: Please your impudence, I mean to marry the man I like best—if I can get him.

Notice this sentence, will you? "It is the height of selfishness, meanness, and cruelty, to take a woman to be only a sharer of your poverty."

Now, I'm an old maid. I always was an old maid. Moreover, I always expect to be one; but I somehow hold to a musty, ancient-fashioned notion that true love would not mind poverty. That a woman who really cared for her husband, would esteem it no hardship at all, but a happiness, to work for and with him, and that thus working, and even suffering sometimes together, they would keep the golden chain of true love always bright. In short, that if I were not an old maid, and *he* should come along, I shouldn't regard it as either selfishness, meanness, or cruelty, if he should ask me to share his fate, even though we should be all our lives "poor enough to be very merry." But I dare say I am altogether too ignorant to understand the scientific principles of matrimony.

"Let him by no means choose a woman of genius." So when God endows a woman with the divine gift of genius, by that very gift He condemns her to perpetual solitariness, does He? Don't you believe any such stuff and foolery!

"Such fine porcelain is not for everyday use." Fiddledeedee! I wonder if some of the best wives and mothers God ever made, aye, and the happiest ones, too, have not been the most gifted women in the world. The fact is, as far as human affections are concerned, geniuses are very much like other folks.

"Do not marry a woman with thin lips and a glib tongue.* * * Woe to you if you should thwart her mood, or presume upon dictation!" Faith, you ought to be woe-d to, if you should "presume upon dictation." Does a man become a husband in order to turn dictator, I want to know? A man who, being married to a good, sensible woman, should undertake to "dictate" to her what she shall do, be, and suffer, ought to be treated to all the seven Mohammedan woes, one after another. Any woman with the spirit of half a woman, whether she had thin lips or thick, would prepare a special little dish of woe for a husband who should go as far out of his sphere, as to "presume upon dictation." "Presume upon dictation," forsooth! Better mind his *biz*.

"Do not marry a woman with thin lips and a glib tongue." Now you've heard it! But, my dear sir, suppose you unexpectedly make the acquaintance of a young lady who is about the nicest girl you ever saw. Suppose that, along with an active, lively temperament, she has inherited a pair of rosy lips which are a bit thinner than the average. Suppose, too, that she is gifted with a bright, keen intellect, which gives her both a quick tongue and a quick temper. Then suppose her to be endowed with a wise firmness which rules both tongue and temper, and that, with admirable self-control, she suppresses all ill-natured manifestations of either. You like this nice girl very much, and are just on the point of—

In Heaven's name clear out quick!

For the world, don't put your foot in it for life, by asking her to share your daily bread and butter! Don't marry any nice girl whatsoever with thin lips, even though you should have to travel to Africa to find a wife with lips thick enough. Remember that, will you?

"Only handsome men and women ought to marry." (I wonder how many weddings there would be, now, if that rule were put into practice?) The authoress of "Choosing a Wife" better send up orders to the good God, that when He allows homely people to come into this world, He shall leave out of their composition all that human sympathy which makes them, just like other folks, find it very natural to love and to be loved. The Creator has seen fit to allow plain people exactly the same kind of joys and sorrows as He gives the handsome ones, but these scientific writers on matrimony know better than the good God, I suppose.

Moreover, there is a very old saying, well-nigh forgotten now, but one which all our grand-mothers used to tell us when we were little, that handsome is as handsome does. Also, it is so common as nearly to have passed into a proverb, that very handsome people, both men and women, are rather apt to be very vain and silly. The handsomest

man I ever saw in my life, happened strangely to be also the most incorrigible blockhead I ever met. The only thing on earth that he was fit for, was to be a tailor's dummy. And if folks are all born with a mission, that was undoubtedly his.

Nature is full of compensations. She never lets one human being be a pattern of all beauty. If she give one a handsome face, she endows another with a brilliant intellect; she gives one a sweet, singing voice; another, a beautiful hand; another, radiant eyes; another, and the best of all, perhaps, a pure heart, and a sprightly, loveable disposition. There is no beauty equal to that, in the long run, madam.

"It is better to marry a full-sized woman than a little one, *for the meanness of stature is apt to go through the character also.*"

What a whopper!

"A certain roundness of contour, a bright, uppish look, (what is that?) more of pride than vanity, &c., are outlines easily discriminated, and constitute a safe, reliable character."

Once I saw a certain "Dream Book and Fortune Teller," dilapidated, thumbed and dog-eared. It was worn and dirty because of much service. But it was still able to give the "Signs for Detecting a Good Genius" with almost as much accuracy as the authoress of "Choosing a Wife."

It did not say that a man must not marry a woman with thin lips and a glib tongue. But it said:

"A long nose denotes a vain mind."

"A round and thin chin is not manly, but womanish; and with it signifies boldness and much pride."

"When a crescent line passeth through the forehead; the party must beware of evil."

"Beware of them who, when they speak, twinkle their eyes, for they are double-minded."

Might a disinterested spectator offer a suggestion to the gifted *writess*, in question? She displays unquestionable talent in the fortune-telling line; then why not go just one step farther, turn astrologess, and "beat the world" by the publication of a new Dream Book and Fortune Teller? As I said, the old one is about used up; and then,—what a fortune might be made at it!

Just one more, friends, and then I promise to hold my tongue—till another time.

"Let him not commit the fatal mistake of marrying a flat, (what is that?) or a simpleton. Such women are harder to manage."

Manage! Manage a woman! *Barmherziger Himmel!*

SPRING THOUGHTS.

"Spring thoughts!" what are mine?—
Thoughts of Earth awaking
From her long sleep, and donning gay attire,
Of streams unlocked, of frozen furrows breaking,
Of tender leaf, of grain and grassy spire;
Of shadows on the lake's blue waters dancing,
Of scented shrubs, low bending o'er the brink;
Of mossy nests, of golden sunshine glancing,
Of floating clouds—oh, Spring! of these I think.

Oh, apple-blossoms wet with heavy showers,
Oh, fragrant breath of purple lilac trees,
Oh, blessed odors from Spring's early flowers,
How have ye stirred my slumbering memories!
Backward ye lead me to familiar places;
Scenes long, long past, float by me as a dream;
With apron full of butter-cups and daisies,
A child, a little child again I seem!

Quick fly the years, each Spring, with beauty laden,
Is lost in Summer's riper fruits and flowers;
A little child no longer, but a maiden,
Stands hopeful gazing on the speeding hours;
And one by one the garlands, busy fingers
Weave of the hopes that cluster round our prime,
Wither and fall, till scarce a green spray lingers;
Oh, dry and rustling leaves! oh, foot of Time!

"Spring thoughts!" Sad thoughts when backward all are tending
To early days, to promise unfulfilled;
Spring thoughts; glad thoughts in heavenly beauty bending
O'er days to come—o'er blossoms yet unchilled.
"Not dead but sleepeth," so of Earth 'tis written,
When all her glorious things are turned to dust:
"Not dead but sleepeth;" when our hearts are smitten,
The spring-time is at hand—Believe and trust!

A Very Rich Farm.

The narrator says: "I went over last summer with two friends, and Jones took us on a four acre lot he had just prepared for planting. We all went to the centre of the lot, and he there made a single hill, and showed us a cucumber seed. "Now, boys," said he, "when I put this seed into the ground you must run for the fence and get out as quick as you can. No sooner had he dropped the seed than he and the others started off as if a bull-dog had been after them. I was so surprised that I forgot the warning until I saw a vine pushing up from the ground and making for me. Then I ran as if for dear life, but before I got to the fence the vine caught me and began to wind around me like a snake. I was very much alarmed, and put my hand to my pocket for my jack-knife with which to cut myself loose; but to my horror I could not get in on account of a cucumber which hung there and which was growing like blazes!"

☞ It is recorded of the Bishop of Exeter, that when some younger and more excitable prelate wished that there were preachers in the Church of England as eloquent as Spurgeon, he dryly remarked: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass."

☞ It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

I gave my love a fan before she knew
I loved her more than dared my tongue impart;
She took it with a smile; but saw not through
Mine eyes that I had given her first my heart.
O fan, how envied I the happy air
Thou brought'st a-wooing to that face so fair!

I gave her flowers—Nature's living gems;
The likest things to her on earth I've known!—
All beauty, grace, and sweetness; diadems
To bind her brows, and posies for her zone.
O happy flowers, what had I given to lie,
Like ye, on that fair breast, though but to die!

I gave my Love a ring. No costly prize;
Naught but a little simple hoop of gold.
She placed it on her finger with sweet sighs,
And sweeter looks, that made my tongue more bold.
"O happy ring upon that hand to shine!
O lovely lady, would that hand were mine!"

My love gave me—a kiss. O wanton air,
I envy thee no more! O luckless flow'rs,
I breathe fresh life upon that bosom fair,
Where ye but perish in a few short hours.
O ring, a finger thou dost clasp alone!
My arms encircle all—for she is all mine own!

A NIGHT IN A TOMB;

OR,

My Experience with Chinese Robbers.

PART II.

A mat was now spread for me, near the second opening, and signs were made for me to lie down, which I gladly obeyed. Some of the gang placed large stones against the entrance, so as to block it up; while others, passing through the inner doorway, brought out wood, and began making a fire; the dwarf fetching the pots and flat brass plates, and then several bags containing rice, dried fish, and the spices used in their curries. The rest lay down on their mats, and watched the operations. I did the same for some time; but at length, worn out by the adventures of the night, and not relishing the dense smoke that rose from the cooking-place, I curled myself up, and fell into a heavy sleep.

I must have slept some considerable time, for, when I awoke, the band were lying around me, most of them asleep; those who were not, sitting up on their mats, indulging in a few last whiffs from their bamboo pipes, were evidently shortly about to follow their example. The table was strewn with fragments of rice, broken bits of fish, and overturned drinking-cups. One man alone was alert, and he was leaning against the outer doorway, dressed, and evidently placed there as sentry. The table was between us, and it was only when I rose to a sitting position that I could see him. Next to me lay the chief, fast asleep.

They took no notice of my movements, and after sitting up a short time, and taking a good look round, I again lay down, though not to sleep. Now the first excitement was over, I began to realize all the danger of my position: without doubt, I was in great peril. Murders were of almost daily occurrence, and the robbers who infested the country were known to be desperate and merciless; the local authorities were utterly powerless to quell them, and it was only on rare occasions that our government interfered. Even supposing my friends were willing and able to pay the money, what guarantee had I of my life? To set me free, now that I had a knowledge of their retreat, would only be to endanger themselves, whereas my death would render all secure; and what faith could be placed in the honor of such ruffians? Again, should aid be sent, how long would it be ere it reached me, even supposing they succeeded in following my vague directions; and delay, I knew, would bring with it mutilation, which, even if I eventually escaped, would leave me a cripple, utterly unable to follow my profession. What, then, was to be done?

Escape by the outer door was impossible. Even should I succeed in passing the sentry, how could I hope to get clear away, weak and deficient in knowledge of the country as I was? and the inner door most probably led into the recesses of the tomb, from which there would be no exit. Still, this seemed my only chance. Might I not be able to conceal myself in some of its ramifications, or find a corner where a desperate man could defend himself till assistance came? I hardly dared breathe a hope of the possibility of a way out; yet such a thought continually came uppermost in my mind, and buoyed me up by its very hopelessness. In any case, to stop was mutilation, probably death; to go, could not be worse. Drowning men catch at straws, and no one who has not been in the like position can imagine the desperate clutching at the vaguest scheme of escape which then presents itself. I determined, therefore, to lie still until all the men were asleep, and then to steal in and explore beyond the inner door.

So far, circumstances would favor my scheme. The opening was close beside me; I could place my hand upon its sides; and the table would prevent the sentry noticing my movements, as long as they were confined to a small area. On the other hand, I was weak and utterly defenceless. My clothes hung in shreds about me, just as the first robbers had left them; and altogether I felt as unfit to attempt any active exertion as it was possible to feel, but desperation lent me strength, and I determined to go on.

I first looked about for a weapon, but though I saw plenty, both knives and jingals, they were either too far from me, or too much under the sentry's eye, to be available. The men who remained sitting up now slowly dropped off, rolling themselves in their coarse matting, and snoring lustily. When the last had lain down, and all was quiet, I cautiously wormed myself along the ground, and crawled into the opening. The sentry was leaning sideways against the other doorway, looking away from me, and was humming in a drowsy, sing-song way; so I felt that as far as he was concerned, I was safe, and the thought gave me courage. I had to creep in some half-dozen yards before I felt I was secure from observation; then rising, I proceeded on my hands and knees, till a turn in the passage blocked up the cave I had left. The passage was narrow—not more than four feet in width, and about six feet high, so that I could just stand upright in it. Behind me, a faint light on the right hand wall showed the proximity of my enemies; ahead, all was darkness. Carefully picking my steps, I stole on. After going about a dozen yards, I came to turn at right angles with the way I was going, and passing this corner, I saw in the distance before me a faint light. I now pressed on quicker, and found the light came from a large chamber or cave, hollowed out of the rock, and into which the passage led. The light was in the further end, where several small colored lamps were burning before a "joss-house;" two tawdry images, and a few plates of fruit and water, indicating its character. Round the cave—which must have been some fifty feet square—were piles of broken coffins, placed here long before the robbers made the place their den. In one spot, they had been split into firewood, and lay piled in a heap ready for use; beside them were several bags, containing rice or other grain. But the object that riveted my attention was the figure of the dwarf. He was squatting on the ground, with his back towards me, and leaning over a small opening; beside him lay a small bag, into which he slowly dropped some pieces of money. So absorbed was he in his occupation, that the slight noise I made in entering the cave had not disturbed him, and he continued clinking the dollars one after another into the bag, swaying his body, and counting in the sing-song manner so peculiar to the East. The lamps shed a dim and almost painful light over the place, making it difficult to distinguish much more than its leading features, and for some little time I could see nothing but the broken coffins, the joss-house, and the dwarf; but presently, my eyes becoming used to the darkness, I was able to make out two small square openings, about three feet from the ground, on either side of the cave. They were both about the same size, perhaps four feet square, though the actual aperture was much less, owing to the rubbish that lay in them. To gain them, was my next thought; but how to do it, with that infernal dwarf in the way, puzzled me.

There was but one way open—it was his life or mine; and decision in such cases is easy. Picking up a piece of heavy wood, I crept up behind him, and measuring my aim, brought it down full on his bald head: a bright red streak started out across it as I struck, and he rolled backwards without a sign or motion. Undoing his waistband, I quickly tore it into strips, and made his legs and arms fast; then rolling up the rest, I thrust it into his mouth, binding his jaws as tightly as I could, by way of a gag, and then rolling him against the coffins, placed several so as to hide the body from any casual search that might be made. I did not stay to examine his treasure, which lay in several small bags at the bottom of the hole he had been seated near, and beside which was a small stream of dollars, that had poured out from the bag he was holding when I struck him, but merely contented myself with placing the latter in the excavation, and covering it with a loose board; and then all traces of the way I had taken being concealed, crossed the cave towards the openings. Taking a lamp from the joss-house, and carrying my stick, I made for that on the right. The rubble had fallen so thickly at first that I had to creep very cautiously on my hands and knees to get along at all. Further on, in places it had accumulated so much as to render progress almost impossible; but by working away with my piece of wood, I managed to creep along a considerable distance. Unlike the other passages, this one ran straight, so that, on glancing back, I could just see the opening, and the light in the cavern I had left.

I must have been crawling for nearly an hour, though I had not gone a hundred yards, when, on advancing my hand to feel for the next step, it only grasped empty space. Passing the light forward, I found I was on the extremity of a cavern of vast proportions, limited towards the sides, but in front, black undefined space. The floor was about three feet below me; so I stepped down, and poking up the lamp with a splinter of wood, I held it above my head, and looked around. It was a strange and awful sight, and one that few have ever looked upon before. On either side, as far as my eye could penetrate, stretched the two lines of coffins, resting on trestles fastened into the rock. Tier upon tier they lay from roof to floor, all painted in flaring colors with dragons and other fabled beasts, their attitudes astounding, their eyes starting from the sockets in pictorial fury, and their mouths vomiting clouds of yellow flames. From the head of each coffin hung a long red flag, emblazoned with Chinese characters in black; many tattered and decayed, with slimy-looking cobwebs clinging to them; others fresh and bright, as if placed there yesterday. Comparatively few of the coffins were perfect; many were broken or decayed in parts, and some had crumbled away altogether, leaving only the empty trestles to mark where they had been. On the floor, round the sides of the cave, lay a confused debris of crumbled wood and bones; here and there, a bone or skull, still undecayed, sticking out, in startling contrast to the dirt around it.

Where the fronts of the coffins had fallen away, the skeletons of their occupants could be dimly seen—some perfect, some headless, all more or less mutilated. Out of one on the right, the whole side had fallen and the trestles slightly giving way, the coffin had tilted forwards, allowing the skeleton within to slip partially out, and the white skull, still fixed to the trunk, grinned fearfully at me, as it lolled out of its resting-place. For a moment, I felt sick and unable to go on, almost giving up my idea; but the thought of the ruffians behind me, and the fate they had in store for me, flashed across my mind, and firmly setting my teeth, I turned away from the hideous object, determined to proceed.

Turning to the left, I now walked along the side of the vault, avoiding the loose heaps of debris, brushing away the gaudy flags, when they swung back solemn and deathlike into their former places, and carrying my lamp well above my head, so as to discover the slightest opening or doorway. Proceeding slowly like this, I presently saw a white object in front, and in a few seconds discovered that I had reached the further end of the cave. Like the other from which I had started, it was unoccupied, but upon it, in place of rows of coffins, a gigantic skeleton was painted. It was about thirty feet in height, and was seated on a huge vermilion dragon; on its head was a gilded crown; in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a roll of papers. Two huge eyes glared from the gleaming sockets, fascinating me with their look, till I could almost believe I saw them rolling in ghastly triumph at my intrusion. The artists had by means of shadows, cunningly painted in, succeeded in giving their conception the most lifelike yet diabolical expression possible to imagine; indeed, considering the place in which it was, and the circumstances under which it must have been viewed, it was one of the most awful and repulsive creations. Recovering from my stupor of astonishment, I went close up to the monster, and, holding up the light, looked closer in. I now saw that the ribs of the skeleton formed a framework, bent outwards like the bars of a grate, and that within was a space large enough to admit of several persons standing; the framework stood slightly ajar, but there was a staple and hasp attached, evidently used at one time to fasten it. Looking still closer, I found that beneath the belly of the dragon was a great opening, shaped something like an oven. I stepped in, and sounding with my stick overhead, found the roof was curved, and of metal; behind it several pipes, like those of an organ, ran up towards the back of the figure. This metal roof was corroded and blistered, as we see the backs of our fireplaces at home, and the rocky sides were discolored, as if by the action of fire. This gave me a clue to the mystery. I remembered reading some account of how the Chinese in former days used to offer up human victims on the death of any of their great men, most frequently choosing a barbarous death by fire; the sacrifice being made on some religious grounds, though more often prompted by the private passions of the priesthood. If such had ever been the case, the horrid apparatus before me was easily accounted for; and considering the place where it was, evidently the tomb for ages of some mighty family, I cannot think but that the conjecture was correct.

Finding no outlet, I now turned back along the third side, retracing my steps to the opening I had come in by. This side was precisely like the other; long banners, decaying coffins, and heaps of bones and debris. Like it, also, there was no opening or outlet.

When I reached the far end, I sat down on a broken coffin close to the aperture, and again thought over my position. Escape there was evidently none. This chamber formed the limit of the tomb, far buried in the mountain, set apart, from its remote and secure position, as the sepulchre of a race, and for the horrid ceremonies of their funeral rites, which, being against law and the prejudices of the people, could only be performed in the most secret places; hence the chain of caverns, the winding passages, and the last narrow and almost impassable tunnel.

One chance remained: the second opening I had seen was still unexplored, and as long as it was so, so long did it offer a hope of escape—a poor one, a hopeless one, but the last, the only one, and therefore to be tried.

Placing the lamp in the tunnel, I put my hands on the lower edge, and was just going to spring up, when a sound arrested my attention. Though I knew that all behind was silence, death, and decay, yet for a moment my heart stood still, and I gasped for breath; the next instant, the sound was repeated, and the reverberations echoed along the passage plainly told whence it came from.

Blowing out the light, I placed my head in the entrance, and listened. Far back, I could distinguish a tiny spot of light, marking where the second cavern was, and from thence the sounds came. Presently, the spot vanished, and again appeared, then went out again. Placing my ear on the floor of the tunnel, I could hear a confused sound of voices calling out; and though I could distinguish nothing more than their low murmur, I had but little doubt that my absence had been discovered, and that the band were already in search of me. That they had me like a rat in a hole, was but too evident; that they knew it, was not so certain, the chances being that superstitious fears would prevent them examining further into the recesses of the tomb. At any rate, where I was, I was tolerably safe, till hunger should compel me to give in, or till help should arrive. True, I had only a bit of wood to defend myself with, but then only one man at a time could pass through the tunnel, and by standing ready on one side, I should have a good blow at him ere he could get out. Hunger was my only fear; and help, if if it came at all, would be here in twenty-four hours at most. Turning over these thoughts in my mind, I grasped my stick and waited.

I had been leaning against the side for an hour or more, when a scratching noise in the tunnel roused me, and on looking down it I noticed that the light had considerably increased, so much so that I fancied I could distinguish the inequalities in the side of the rock. The scratching still went on, sounding quite loud and near when my head was in the tunnel. The cause was evident—the men were coming along the passage after me! Had there been any doubt, the next few minutes dispelled it; I plainly saw a small lamp, such as I had carried, advancing along the tunnel; immediately behind it was a man's face.

Clutching my piece of wood, I stood on one side, and waited anxiously for his appearance. Presently, the light streamed out, glinting down the dismal cavern in a long flickering line, lighting up the ghastly death-banners on its path, till it lost itself in the darkness beyond. Then the noise grew louder, and I could hear the hard breathing of my pursuer. I raised my arm, clenching my teeth with desperate resolve, and drawing [illegible]breath as the sound advanced. First [illegible] the lamp, pushed cautiously forward by a naked arm; then a man's head—it was the head of the chief. I saw his eye glare on me as he caught sight of my figure, but ere he could draw back, the stick descended with a dull thud on his bald crown; the lamp fell with a crash to the earth, leaving the place in pitchy darkness; and with a groan the ruffian sank down stunned in the passage. Instantly, all was still; then I heard a scuffling sound behind the body, then low whispers, and then more scuffling, growing fainter and fainter, till it was lost in the distance. The fellows, scared by their leader's fate, had beaten a retreat.

Alone with the dead and dying was not a pleasant position, but the encounter had roused my blood, and I felt up to anything. Laying hold of the body by the shoulders, I dragged it out of the tunnel, and, passing my hand over it, felt for his knife; and drawing it from his belt, where I found it sticking, I laid it down beside my trusty stick, and again seating myself on the coffin, waited for their next attempt. I had not long to wait: again I heard the scratching in the tunnel, and again I got ready for the attack.

As before, the sounds gradually grew louder and louder; I heard the breathing of the fellows, and expected every moment to see the lamp poke out. I stood in the same place on the right side of the entrance, a little back, so as to have full play for my arm, and kept the stick raised above my head.

This time they had changed their tactics, and kept their light behind them, so that I had to strain my eyes to watch for any approach. At length I saw something emerge slowly from the opening, like a man's head. Now was the time to strike. I took a steady aim, and let fly. Down came my stick; I felt a sharp shock in my arms, and it broke short off. They had shoved in a long bamboo, with a roll of cloth round the end of it, and the artifice had disabled me. The next instant, ere I could recover myself, a man jumped into the cave, turning sharp round, luckily to the left, to catch me; a second followed, then some more, but I never stopped to count them. With the mad impulse to escape, I rushed down the cavern, now feebly lighted by the lamp one of them held, plunging blindly over the broken bones and heaps of rubbish towards the darkness. In the distance, behind me, I could dimly make out the forms of my assailants, now some dozen or more, already collecting for a search. Escape was impossible. I could see by their fierce gestures that they had discovered the body of the chief, and that instant death would be my lot should I fall into their hands. The events of a lifetime came crowding into my brain in those few minutes of despair. Never before had I been so near death; and to meet it alone in that awful sepulchre, surrounded by those grinning skeletons, was terrible!

Suddenly, a thought seized me. I turned towards the side, and felt along the rows of coffins for a whole one. Ere long, my hands came to one that seemed firm; I raised the lid, and tilted it up behind; then lifting myself by the arms, I sprang into it. Something soft splashed up about me, and a cloud of small dust burst forth and nearly suffocated me; but I drew in my legs, and, stopping my mouth as well as I could, lay down at full length, and drew the cover over me. Fortunately, the wood was sound, or my hiding-place would have been but of small use to me; as it was, I stood a good chance of being passed over unnoticed. There must have been many hundreds of coffins in the place, and to pick out the one in which I was, would be a work of time; and time was my only hope now. My great fear was that the confounded dust would make me sneeze; it was as pungent as snuff, and pervaded the whole place; my mouth and nose were full of it, and my eyes felt hot and smarting from the finer particles getting under my closed eyelids; but in a little time, after undergoing anguish in the effort to resist, the inclination passed off, and I lay in comparative comfort.

I could hear the fellows hunting about the upper end of the cave, hammering at the coffins, and jabbering excitedly. They were evidently making a strict search, and I could hardly hope to escape. By-and-by, the hammering sounded nearer, evidently drawing down towards where I was. I did not dare look out, but I felt nearly certain it came from the opposite side; if so, I should gain some little time, and ere they completed the circuit of the cavern, my friends might come. The hammering now became louder and louder; I could hear the rotten wood crumbling and falling under the blows: the cavern resounded with the noise, the roof echoing back the cries and blows till the whole place seemed alive. It then gradually died away, as they passed on towards the far end, and at last grew quite faint in the distance.

Thinking all safe, I raised myself a little on my elbows, pushing up the lid of the coffin, so as to look out. Far down the cave, I could see the faint glimmer of lights, moving quickly about, and could hear the distant noise of blows as the band pushed onward in their search. They could not be far from the end, and would soon be turning back. What if I could slip out of my concealment, and make for the entrance? I had a good start, and they would be some time ere they gave up the search. It was probable the whole band had joined in the hunt, and were now in the cave with me, so that I might expect the outer cave clear. It was a last chance; every moment was of consequence.

Tilting the lid back, I raised my legs out of the coffin, and dropped them over the side: the lid turned over, and fell with a slight noise against the rock. The sound seemed louder than it actually was, and made me pause for an instant ere I descended. As I did so, my eye caught something moving, not many paces from me. The next instant, a fearful yell burst from it, repeated again and again with demoniacal energy, and filling the cavern with its hideous echoes. Then a figure sprang towards me, and ere I could jump down, caught me by the feet, clutching them with such a tremendous jerk that the coffin gave way, and both it and myself fell headlong to the ground. As I fell, the fiendish face of the dwarf met my eyes, grinning malignantly, and his body writhing about my limbs like a snake. In vain I strove to free myself; the brute clung to me with devilish pertinacity, his arms pinioning mine close in to my body, and his short legs twining about mine so as to render escape impossible. The cloud of dust that my fall had raised filled my mouth

and nostrils, almost suffocating me, and making my efforts every moment relax. Whichever way I turned, there was the dwarf's face, distorted with savage glee; his eyes glaring at me, red and lurid in the dim light. Already I heard the band coming up, in answer to the cries of the brute; faster and louder their footsteps resounded on the rocky floor. Nearer and brighter grow the lights, throwing out the figure of the dwarf as he clung round me with horrid clearness. Another moment, and they close over me; down they come in one confused mass, falling over each other in their mad eagerness to seize me. A dozen hands grasp me, but the dwarf still holds on, as if unwilling to part with his revenge. Knives gleam; clubs are raised: all hope and life seem vanishing in that fearful moment! My hands are fast to my sides; my bare face lies exposed to their murderous blows; my eyes close, and I clench my teeth in agony. The earth is beaten up by their mad fury, but the light is uncertain, and their aim is bad, so but few reach me. Now I feel a grasp on my throat; the hideous face of the dwarf is over mine; his hot breath scathes my own; his huge hands encircle my neck. Tighter and tighter they press: my head is bursting; the blood boils in my forehead, and surges over my brain. Hideous noises fill my ears; strange yet familiar sounds are in the air. Above the horrid tumult of the struggle they rise. I hear them closer now; they bear down every resistance. Air! air! His fingers are pressing into my flesh; my brain is cracking. Help! help! Then came a great crash—a mingled tumult of shouts and yells. I feel strong arms tearing at my neck, but the demon dwarf clutches with terrible energy, and it seems as if the flesh will give way. Another tug, and his grasp relaxes; slowly and reluctantly, the fingers open; his hideous body is flung from me; and with a dull consciousness of relief, I sank to the earth.

It was some time before I could recognize any one. I heard voices near me, and could distinguish figures round me, but that was all. Gradually, however, they grew more distinct, and I made out the well-known dress of our men-of-war's men. Beside me, kneeling, was little Georgie Thompson, supporting my head, and dabbing my face with his handkerchief. Seeing I recognized him, he raised me up. "Just in time, Ned," said he, using his familiar name for me; "not many minutes to spare, I fancy. What a nasty place you have got into, all amongst the dead men; a regular Davy Jones's locker ashore—"

"How did you come here, Georgie?" I said, interrupting him. "Are all the fellows caught?"

"Oh, they're safe enough," said Georgie; "we've got most of them, and the lads are after the others: they are having a famous chase down there!" He pointed down the cave, from whence loud cries and shouts proceeded; the cheers and laughter of the Jacks mingling with the cries of the robbers.

After a time, the men came back, crowding round me with wondering eyes at my battered, dust-begrimed form; then one of them, taking me in his arms as tenderly as an infant, bore me away towards the tunnel, the rest following. With some difficulty, I was passed through the narrow passage, and so through the two outer caves into the open air.

O, that glorious breath! How I drank in the bright sunshine and cool refreshing breeze! It was like one rising from the dead, indeed. The long lines of hills undulating before me; the blue sky, dotted with fleecy clouds; and beyond, the tall mast-heads of the shipping—all came upon me as the awaking from a fearful dream, and with the excitement, I burst into tears. As we went towards the ship, Georgie, who walked beside me, related how my rescue came about.

After I was struck down on the road, the boy took to his heels; and dodging the ruffian who followed him, jumped up a tree that grew near, and from its branches watched the whole of the scene that took place. When the band moved off, he followed cautiously behind, marking the way as well as he could by breaking twigs, and placing stones on one another: in this manner he tracked the fellows to the cave. Daylight breaking soon afterwards, to his delight he saw the shipping before him, not many miles away, the band having made a considerable circuit in their way. Keeping the mast-heads before him, the boy made straight for Whampoa, over hill and valley, till in less than three hours he reached it. Going to Elston, he told him in a few words what had occurred, and they both went on board the *Alcestis;* and Captain Hamilton, immediately on hearing their account, sent off a boat's crew, under Georgie's guidance, to the rescue. The boy being too tired to walk, the men carried him by turns; and at length, aided by his marks and directions, reached the cave, and attracted by the noise in the inner part, arrived there, as we have already seen.

There was quite a scene when I was carried on board the *Tien-sin*, all the lads crowding round to shake me by the hand, and wish me joy of my escape; but I was glad when they took me below to my berth, and laid me in my cot. What happened afterwards, I cannot say: I know I fell into a heavy sleep, troubled with fearful dreams, in which all the perils of the past twenty-four hours were enacted over and over again, and that I woke to toss and writhe in all the horrors of illness. Brain fever, they told me afterwards, and a narrow touch I had of it: fortunately, the ship put to sea, and the fresh air soon brought back my wandering senses, and cooled my fevered brain.

In a month after the ship sailed, I was able to get about as usual; and many a middle watch did Georgie and myself beguile with the story of my adventure.

When we got to London, I looked out, at the *Jerusalem*, the file of Hong-kong papers published after my encounter, and in them found a long and graphic account of the affair.

It seemed that I had fallen into the hands of a notorious freebooter named Hin-lo, long the terror of the country for miles round Whampoa. His body was found in the cave, my blow having proved fatal; and such of his followers as were captured alive, were taken to Canton, and executed by the authorities. The caves were the ancient sepulchre of Chin-huen—a family that long before the present Mantchu dynasty, ruled with more than regal state over a great part of the empire, and whose name is even now venerated and extolled. In the hole I had seen the dwarf near, was found a considerable sum of money and other property: this was handed over to the blue-jackets who captured the gang, and a fine haul they made of it. Little George came in for his share, the men insisting on share and share alike with the brave little fellow; and his best delight just now is spending it as fast as it came.

The owners, on hearing the circumstances, were pleased to compliment me on the resolution I had shown; and the mate of one of their ships leaving, they put me in his place, Georgie going with me as "third," his articles being just out.

I have written this account by the desire of an old friend, to whom I related the circumstances, and who declared it was quite worth printing. On his shoulders, therefore, must rest the many faults and inaccuracies I have committed; my readers always remembering that Jack is more at home with a marline-spike than with a pen.

"The Peculiar People."

A VISIT TO PASTOR BLUMHARDT'S ESTABLISHMENT IN GERMANY FOR CURING DISEASE BY PRAYER.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.

A man and his wife were lately tried at one of the London criminal courts, for manslaughter. The charge was that they had neglected to secure proper medical advice for their child, an infant little more than a year old, when it was attacked by a mortal illness. Nothing could be urged against the previous character of either husband or wife respecting their own conduct or their affection towards the child. On the contrary, they appeared to be a most inoffensive, hard-working couple, much respected by their friends and neighbors. Nor was there, apart from their neglecting to call in professional advice for the little sufferer, the slightest want of care proved against them. It was shown that they had attended to it with great solicitude. As far as their means would allow (for the father was only a dock laborer, earning, when in full work, about fifteen shillings a week), they had provided every comfort—wine, arrowroot, and Indian corn flour—and had watched unremittingly. It appeared, however, that they belonged to a new religious sect calling themselves "The Peculiar People," one of whose tenets is that in cases of sickness they should rely solely on the mercy of the Almighty, and put no trust in any human aid whatever. The judge who presided at the trial summed up strongly in favor of the prisoners. He reminded the jury that peculiar religious opinions, such as those held by the prisoners, so far as they bore upon the idea of the direct interposition of Providence in the cure of disease, were by no means novel. In Roman Catholic countries especially, he said, it was a common practice to bring sick persons to certain shrines, and there, through the mediation of a particular saint, to implore the mercy of the Almighty, in the full hope that the prayers would be heard and the supplications granted. At the same time, while not seeking to limit the power of the Deity, he showed the jury the necessity of skilled human assistance, and illustrated his argument by adducing the case of a fractured limb, or a severe wound, which, without surgical aid and mechanical appliance, would most probably result in death. The jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," but accompanied it with censure of the parents for not having obtained the assistance of a medical man, whereby the child's life might have been saved.

In the autumn of last year my attention was directed to the subject of the treatment of disease by faith and prayer instead of by medicine; and I determined to visit some of the establishments on the Continent where the system is carried out. The institutions I selected were those of the Protestant pastor, Christoph Blumhardt, situated at Boll Bad, in the Black Forest, and that of the now-celebrated Dorothea Trudel in the village of Mannedorf, on the left bank of the Lake of Zurich.

I first visited the Lutheran establishment. I had so much difficulty in finding it out, however, that I was more than once reminded of the text, "A prophet has no honor in his own country." Many had heard him mentioned as an amiable and excellent man, though somewhat of a visionary. I was told, among other things, that he had formerly been parish minister at Mottlingen, but that he had quitted that town, and established a community of those who held his own particular views. For a long time I could not meet with any one who could tell me where it was situated. I was almost in despair, when fortunately, in an inn at Ulm, I fell in with a German gentleman who had been one of the pastor's patients, and professed to have received great benefit while under his hands. He told me to take the Stuttgart train, to alight at a certain station, about half-way between Ulm and Stuttgart, where I could find a carriage to convey me to the pastor's house, about seven miles distant.

Accordingly, I left Ulm next morning at six o'clock. About nine I reached the station; and then drove through a highly-cultivated and picturesque country. I passed the quaint village of Boll, and two miles further on I reached the pastor's establishment at Boll Bad. I must confess that the first sight of the house caused me no little surprise. I expected to find the pastor residing in such an unpretending dwelling as Lutheran country pastors usually have, with a few of his patients residing with him, and the others quartered in the neighborhood. But instead, I saw before me such a mansion, in point of size and appearance, as might be the country seat of a British nobleman.

On entering the house I asked to see Pastor Blumhardt. A servant conducted me to his study; but while on our way, I met the pastor and his wife in one of the corridors. He is apparently about fifty years of age, somewhat below the middle height, and rather stout, with an open and intelligent countenance. In his dress, except that it was black, there was little or no indication that he belonged to the clerical profession. His general appearance is simply that of a good-humored, well-to-do father of a family. Frau Blumhardt is tall, and apparently about the same age as her husband, with an intelligent, amiable expression of countenance; and, from the remarks I heard respecting her from the patients during my three days' sojourn in the house, she is evidently much loved and respected by all.

The pastor received me with great courtesy; but I could not help fancying—though perhaps wrongly—that he regarded me with something of an inquisitive eye, as though trying to divine the particular malady under which I was suffering. I therefore hastened to inform him of the object of my visit. I told him candidly that I had come solely to judge, from personal investigation, of the effects of prayer and faith in the treatment of disease, and to ascertain whether his cures were as frequent and complete as his admirers asserted. I also told him that it was possible I might publish the result of my observations if he would allow me, but that if he had the slightest objection, he might be certain that I would abstain from so doing. In reply, he assured me that I was at perfect liberty to do as I pleased in this respect. The house, the grounds, and everything connected with the establishment were perfectly open to my inspection, and every inquiry I chose to make, he assured me, should be candidly and truthfully answered. He could not grant me a longer interview at that time, because he said his guests were just about to assemble for morning prayers. In the afternoon, however, he should be happy to receive me in his study, and give me all the information I might wish.

The servant then conducted me to a bedroom neatly furnished, and extremely clean. I had scarcely commenced to unpack my portmanteau when a bell rang, and another servant tapped at my door. On opening it, I was invited, on the part of the pastor, to attend service. I at once followed the girl, who conducted me into what was in every respect a commodious chapel, capable of comfortably accommodating some four hundred people, although at the time there was only about one-third that number present. Not wishing to show my ignorance as to the form of procedure, I took a seat in such a position as to command a full view of the interior, and yet remain myself unseen. The whole service, with the exception of the singing, was conducted by the pastor himself, and appeared to resemble very much the form of worship in use among the English Congregationalists. The pastor certainly surprised me by his fluency and eloquence. Without the slightest attempt at oratorical display, his language was elegant and forcible. During the service three hymns were admirably sung; indeed, had the congregation been professional singers they could scarcely have sung better. Although I was seated in a side back row, I could, to a certain extent, command a front view of those present, including the pastor. The congregation seemed to me to consist exclusively of persons in a good position in society. Holding the opinion that every disease has its own peculiar expression of countenance, I narrowly watched the faces, so as, if possible, to ascertain the maladies with which the worshippers were afflicted. My attempt, however, was a failure. I did not see even one who appeared to be seriously unwell, though a large majority were evidently in delicate health, and in England would certainly have been under medical care. The women were much in excess of the men. I should say two-thirds were females and one-third males. All appeared sincerely devout, although there was no exuberant expression of zeal. To judge from their countenances, they seemed perfectly resigned to the will of the Almighty, trusting to His mercy to restore them to health, yet perfectly willing to submit without murmur to whatever His will might be.

The service altogether lasted about an hour and a half, and when it was over I left the chapel unobserved and proceeded to my bedroom. I had hardly been there a quarter of an hour before a bell rang, and the servant again came to my room to inform me that dinner was on the table. Although scarcely in appetite (it was then but little past noon), I followed the servant downstairs and entered the dining-room, where I found the greater portion of the guests already assembled. The room was large enough to accommodate between two hundred and three hundred people. There were two lateral tables, and a cross one at the top of the room. I expected to find the pastor in the place of honor usually assigned to the chairman of a public dinner in England, but in this I was disappointed. He was seated at one of the lateral tables, on a chair somewhat more prominent than the rest; and on the table, beside his plate, was a large bell. He politely placed me between two ladies near him, and opposite to us sat two young Lutheran ministers, the pastor's pupils. After the company had all taken their places, and before dinner was placed on the table, the pastor rang his bell, to call the attention of his guests, who all rose to their feet while he asked a somewhat long blessing. Dinner now commenced. The dishes were extremely simple, but abundant and of excellent quality: and I hope I shall not shock the temperance reader when I inform him that there was on the table a goodly supply of Rhenish wine, which, however, was taken in great moderation by the guests. During the meal I had even a better opportunity of watching the countenances and the behavior of the guests than in the chapel. They had none of that morbid asceticism which might have been expected in a community of invalids assembled for the purpose of passing their days principally in prayer; on the contrary, the conversation was frank, fluent, and open. I heard no sighs, but frequently considerable laughter. I was somewhat astonished at the candor and good humor which I noticed around me, it being so very different from what I had anticipated. Possibly my surprise expressed itself on my countenance, for the lady who sat at my right hand, and with whom I had, with some difficulty, been conversing in German, suddenly said to me, with a good English accent, "Do you not think ours is a singular community?" Though at first startled by a question so unexpected, I replied that, if it was a singular community, it was certainly a most interesting one. My surprise was still further increased by the lady at my left hand, in almost equally good English, entering into the conversation, in which the two young Lutheran pastors, though with greater difficulty, also joined. The conversation then turned on literature, especially English literature, with which I found not only the Lutheran pastors, but my fair neighbors, very well acquainted. In fact, the lady who had first spoken to me in English seemed so well versed in our literature, and spoke our language with so much fluency, that I began to suspect that she must have passed a considerable portion of her life in England. But to my great surprise I found that she had never quitted Germany. And I may here remark, that during the three days I remained under Pastor Blumhardt's roof I did not meet with a single uneducated person, while many of the guests were not only well read, but highly accomplished; a proof that it is not the poor and ignorant only who have strong faith in the power of prayer for the cure of disease.

The conversation during dinner continued in the same agreeable tone for some time, when the pastor's bell rang again, and the guests simultaneously rose up. He then gave out the two first verses of a hymn of thanksgiving, which was sung by all, and he afterwards offered up a short prayer of gratitude for the meal partaken of. The guests then quitted the table.

My two lady acquaintances now asked me if I would like to visit the grounds, as if I wished it they would have much pleasure in conducting me over them. I accepted the invitation willingly. They first led me into some extensive and well-kept pleasure-grounds, between five and ten acres in extent. Conversation by no means flagged during our stroll, and I profited by the occasion to make many inquiries respecting the pastor's establishment, and his method of conducting it, all of which were answered with perfect frankness. To my remark that the pastor must be a man of considerable means, to have erected so fine a house and laid out his grounds in so expensive a manner, they told me that the house had not been built by him; that a few years before some mineral springs had been discovered in the neighborhood, which had the reputation of being efficacious in the cure of diseases; and that the house had then been built and the grounds laid out by some speculators. The enterprise, however, was a failure. Even the gambling tables which were started failed to attract visitors, the mineral springs almost entirely disappeared, and the whole place was rapidly falling into ruin when it was taken by Pastor Blumhardt. An extraordinary metamorphosis now came over the whole locality, and the strictest order and decorum reigned in the house which was formerly noted for attributes of a very different character. The most singular change in the whole establishment was the transformation of the gambling and dancing saloon into the chapel. Respecting the cure of disease, my lady friends informed me that I was correct as to there being no persons at present in the house suffering under serious maladies, though all were more or less invalids. To my inquiries as to whether they had seen any cures performed, or observed any beneficial results ensue from the pastor's system, they assured me that during the time (some months) of their residence there had been some wonderful cases. During the previous six weeks, in fact, more than sixty persons had left the establishment either cured or sufficiently convalescent to allow them to pursue their ordinary avocations. To my question whether the pastor had any other patients than those I had seen in the chapel, they told me he had many, but that they were in different towns and villages in the neighborhood, and that he frequently visited them to pray with them, and that some of the cures he performed among them were remarkable. I inquired whether the number of guests resident in the house was ordinarily as great as it was then, and they informed me that the number was much smaller than usual. There were only a hundred and twenty persons. The average number during the whole of the year they considered to be about one hundred and sixty.

At this point we were interrupted in our conversation by a servant, who came to me with a message that Pastor Blumhardt would be happy to see me in his study. Quitting my fair friends I followed the servant, and she conducted me into the pastor's library, where he was waiting me. Having invited me to be seated, he told me he was ready to answer any question I might put to him. I first asked him whether he denied the efficacy of medicine in the cure of diseases? He told me that he did not; but that at the same time he had a much greater reliance on the efficacy of prayer, being fully convinced from his own experience, which was great, that the majority of diseases could be cured by prayer and faith without the application of scientific remedies. In surgical cases he did not deny the necessity of calling in a skillful surgeon. In the course of our talk, I fancied the pastor was somewhat sore on the question of the value of scientific acquirements in the cure of disease, and on pursuing the subject further I found that some years before, when he acted as parish minister in the town of Mottlingen, he had carried on a very hot and lengthened paper war with a certain Dr. De Valenti at Berne. On reading Pastor Blumhardt's defence of his principles (for he has published an octavo volume on the subject), one can hardly agree with him in his extreme views; but, at the same time, it must be granted that one is still farther from admitting the arguments of his adversary.

In our conversation I particularly pressed the pastor on the subject of the efficacy of prayer in the cure of incipient mental diseases, and he assured me that it was very great. But I must add that in the graver cases he told me of, it did not appear to me by any means certain that the cures he mentioned were perfect, or that the patients might not be subject to relapses.

Our conversation continued till about five o'clock when the bell rang for tea. The guests again assembled in the dining-room, and took their places in similar order to that which they had observed at dinner. A short prayer was offered up before the meal, and a hymn was sung when it was ended. About eight o'clock in the evening supper was announced, which was also preceded by a prayer. A slight difference, however, occurred in the supper arrangements from those of the other meals. The pastor was partly occupied in eating, partly in reading a newspaper of the day. Suddenly he stopped, and rang his bell to obtain silence. He then read out a portion of the paper; I forget the subject, but it was one connected with Germany, and seemed to please his audience much. He then seated himself, and went on with his meal, occupied with his paper at the same time. Again he rang his bell, and again read to them some extracts from the paper, which he thought might amuse them. He did this several times. During these readings the worthy pastor supplied us with what has since proved to be a striking instance of our unconscious readiness to press facts, or supposed facts, into the support of our favorite theories. About that time, as the reader may remember, a report reached England that the Abyssinian captives had been released by King Theodore. The report found its way into many of the German papers, among others, into that which the pastor was reading. The intelligence of the liberation of the captives evidently caused genuine joy in the bosoms of all present. The pastor, noticing the satisfaction with which the intelligence was received, proceeded to impress upon us the power of Providence in changing the minds of despots, assuring us that doubtless in this case, He had worked a change in the heart of King Theodore, and inclined him to mercy, that the great effusion of blood which a war between England and Abyssinia would occasion, might be spared! After supper another hymn was sung, and the guests then separated for the night.

At six o'clock next morning the bell rang to rouse the guests, and at seven they assembled in the chapel for a short prayer. Breakfast was then announced, and the order of this meal was much the same as those I have already described. After breakfast I accompanied the lady who had so kindly acted as my guide the day before, into the reading-room, a part of the establishment I had not yet visited. It is a large, well-ventilated room, and simply furnished. On the tables there were numbers of different works, as well as many periodicals. Although there were no novels, or light works, the literature was not solely of a religious character. There were several French and German magazines and periodicals. Nor was England altogether unrepresented, for I found one or two copies of GOOD WORDS, and other periodicals which are proscribed by our "Pure Literature Society" as not being of a "safe" enough character. Possibly Pastor Blumhardt exercises a censorship on the literature of the establishment, but if so, he is to be commended for the common-sense way in which he does it.

The second day passed over in somewhat the same manner as the previous one, the guests amusing themselves by strolling in groups in the grounds and in the country round about. One singular fact is worthy of notice, as showing how little of religious *gloom* there is in the pastor's manner of treating his patients. The conversation of the guests was by no means confined to Scriptural topics. On the contrary, politics, and especially literature, appeared to be subjects of great interest to both ladies and gentlemen; and the whole tone and manner of the society did not differ in any way from that generally maintained in any quiet middle-class community in our own country.

Next morning, before leaving the establishment, I asked for my bill. To this the pastor at first objected, apparently wishing to treat me as his guest; but at length he complied. It was given me by his secretary, and was so moderate that I almost feared he had made an exception in my favor. But on remarking this to the secretary, I was assured that such was not the case, and that the charges were the same as those made to the patients. I must say it was with considerable regret that I left the amiable community congregated under Pastor Blumhardt's roof at Boll Bad.

* * * * * We have not space to more than refer to Dorothea Trudel's house for the mentally afflicted at Mannedorf, in the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland. Much success appears to have attended her system of prayer and quietude. Her career of usefulness was, however, doomed to be cut short. Her constitution, by no means of the strongest, gave way under excessive exertion and continued self-denial, and she died on the 6th of September, 1862. For a description of her last days and her death-bed I must refer the reader to a little work entitled "Dorothea Trudel; or, The Prayer of Faith, published by Morgan and Chase, London, being fully convinced that, although he may not altogether believe in Dorothea's theory, he will find that which, apart from its genuine pathos, is well worthy of attention. Her system is now carried on by others in the same place. Unfortunately, my stay in the village was of the shortest, and I had not time to go so deeply into the matter as I could have wished.

Without touching in any manner on the question of direct answers to special prayer in cases of sickness, I submit that the theories of Pastor Blumhardt and Dorothea Trudel may, to a considerable extent, be defended on scientific grounds. The effect of irritation and mental anxiety is naturally to increase the intensity of disease. Any system that can reduce these provocatives, thereby allowing the curative power of nature to re-establish the balance, must be beneficial; and what more legitimate system, or one of greater power, could be adopted than that of prayer to the Almighty, and faith in Him? If to these be added strict regularity of life, judicious diet, and uninterrupted quietude, the cures said to have been performed by Dorothea Trudel and Pastor Blumhardt are not to be wondered at.

☞ In England, on a railway leading out of the city of Carlisle, a free passage is given for seven years to any one who will erect a residence of the value of $2,500, in gold, near the line of road. This is done to increase the population of the section through which it passes.

☞ An Ohio man, dying, left half his fortune to his wife, so long as she remained single; when she married again, she was to have the whole. How the woman must revere the memory of so proper thinking a man.

☞ A little girl, just past her fifth year, while chatting about the beaux that visited two of the sex in the same house, of more mature age, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" replied: "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense."

"What is one Man's Food is another's Poison."

There are some people who are so peculiarly constituted that matters the most harmless of the mass of mankind act upon them in the most distressing manner. For instance, some persons cannot eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. We know a lady who once indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room, her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. Cockles and shrimps have the like effect upon persons thus peculiarly constituted. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange-peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise in some people to what is termed "formication," or a sensation like the tickling movement of ants upon the palate. The most extraordinary example of the adverse influence of a common article of food upon the human stomach is related by a surgeon of one of our public hospitals. He says that a patient of his cannot touch rice without the most extreme discomfort. "On one occasion, when at a dinner-party, he felt the symptoms of rice-poisoning come on, and was, as usual, obliged to retire from the table, although he had not partaken of any dish ostensibly containing rice." It appeared, on investigation, that some white soup, with which he had commenced his dinner, had been thickened with ground rice." In an other case similar symptoms have come on after a gentleman had partaken of bottled beer; this apparently extraordinary fact was explained by the presence in the bottle of a few grains of rice, which had been placed there to excite a secondary fermentation. But what is this to the perverse stomach of a gentleman in a case cited by Dr. Prout, who was poisoned by eating a mutton chop? The most digestible of all flesh to the ordinary mortal, was to him positively as poisonous as though he had eaten toadstools. It was at first imagined by his physicians that his dislike to this kind of food arose from mere fancy, and in order to test him, mutton disguised, was served to him as other flesh-meat, but always with the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhœa. Indeed, the effect upon him was so great, that, had he been kept upon a mutton diet, Dr. Prout believed he would have died.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

RATHER BITTER.—It might puzzle even an imaginative writer to concentrate in a few words more sneering but grieved bitterness than that expressed many years ago, during a temporary reign of the disease of "full" dressing now persistent, by a certain husband who was accosted with a question while looking on at a dance in which his very *decollete* wife was figuring.

"What very handsome and magnificently formed lady is that yonder in the green pearls?" asked one of the other guests, an acquaintance of the husband but stranger to his family.

"That? Oh, that is my wife; at least, I thought that it was, up to-day. But, by the Prophet! I am inclined to think, by the way she dresses to-night, that she is the wife of every gentleman in the room."—*Northern Monthly.*

☞ W. S. Hutchings, of St. Louis, has invented a flying machine, with which he expects to navigate the air at his pleasure. He has a model completed, which works satisfactorily, and is now getting up a full-sized apparatus, which is to be twenty-eight feet in height, to weigh 285 pounds, and be capable of carrying 150 pounds. There is a caloric engine, on a new principle, attached; with a quantity of wings, large and small, operated by the engine, and all other arrangements to make the affair theoretically perfect. A parachute sixty-six feet in circumference, accompanies the machine. The inventor has so much faith in it that he proposes to make an ascension in a balloon at St. Louis, and jump out at the height of two thousand feet.

☞ It is with the greatest difficulty that I am able to separate policy from justice. Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.—*Burke.*

☞ A recent English writer says:—"Many a man with a ruined constitution, and many a woman with shattered nerves, can trace back the beginning of their sorrow to those neglected childish days of theirs when nurses had it all their own way because mamma never looked below the surface, and was satisfied with what was said, instead of seeing for herself what was done."

☞ One of the Musical Magazines contains this month a Song called "*Kissing her Hair.*" The following additional verse has been composed, in the event of an encore:—

"Kissing her Hair"—scented and glossy,
Ah! well I remember my rapture,
At the ball where the talk had been "hosay,"
The run and the ultimate capture:
Withdrawn from the lights and the whirl,
We had paused in the *Tally-ho* valse,
When, my lips on the pendulous curl,
She whispered—"You Silly, it's false."

☞ One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bankok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of 70,000 neat little houses, each house floating on a compact raft of bamboos; and the whole intermediate space of the river is one dense mass of ships, junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

☞ The iron greaves with which convicts' legs were formerly fettered, were obliged to be kept from the ground by a "sling" of small rope; the fetters thus became "slangs," and the vulgar but pithy phrases used by the slang-wearers was naturally called "slang-talk." So that youths ambitious to talk slang may know that they aspire to the language of felons. The last importation in England seems to be fresh from Abyssinia, the term "Waagahum," meaning "a hoax." It has already started in the rounds of the press, which in its critical moments deprecates slang.

An Adventure of Malibran.

The following incident is told of Malibran, whose voice excited the most unromantic to folly:—She was resting in her dressing-room at the theatre, after singing Desdemona, her passionate soul still quivering with the emotion of the part, and the tears and applause of her listeners. A person entered and begged her to go to her mother, who had been taken ill. A carriage (not her own) was at the door; she was whirled through the streets, and led, much to her surprise and fear, into a strange house, and to an exquisite *boudoir*, hung and carpeted with rose-colored silk, where the beautiful songstress was left alone, after being assured by her attendants that her mother was well, that the message was a cruel subterfuge, but that her captivity would only last while she sang the song of the "Saule." On a low seat lay a lyre such as that which thrilled in Malibran's fingers as she sang Desdemona's touching song. At first she determined to resist, but after a short time of *ennui* and anxiety, her mind reverted to the evening, and almost unconsciously she took up the instrument and sang the "Romance de Saule." As she concluded, sounds of enthusiastic applause and trembling accents of delight came to her through the silk hangings, and she was then conducted by liveried servants to her carriage and to her home. The next morning she found on her table a casket, containing a magnificent pair of earrings, and inside the cover, written in diamonds, was the word "Merci." But the event remained a mystery to her forever.

☞ A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. About 12,000 bbls sold at $8,50@9 for superfine; $9@10 for extra; $10,50@11,75 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $10,50@12,50 for Penna extra family; $11@13 for Ohio extra family, and $13,50@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce and in demand; 25,000 bus of red sold at $2,75@2,85 for choice; $2,60@2,70 for fair to good; $2,45@2,55 for common; 2000 bus of Delaware amber at $2,80@2,82½; 8000 bus of Delaware white at $2,10, and 10,000 bus of Kentucky white at $2,25 ₩ bus. Rye—2000 bus sold in lots at $1,82@1,85 for Penna, and $1,80 for prime Delaware. Corn—40,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,16@1,20; 27,000 bus of western mixed at $1,18@1,20. Oats—20,000 bus sold at 85@90c ₩ bus, the latter rate for prime light Penna and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market continues inactive. Sales of 600 bbs of Mess Pork at $25,50@26, and prime at $23. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $24,50@25,50. Beef Hams sell at $37@39 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@19½c; Sides at 14½@15c; and Shoulders at 12½@12½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—350 tcs of pickled Hams sold at 16@16½c; and Shoulders at 11½@11¾c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 11c ₩ lb, and kegs in small lots at 12¼c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@30c, and roll at 25@33c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 21@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 2800 bales middlings sold in lots at 27@28c ₩ lb for Uplands and 28@28¼c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FEATHERS—Sales of choice Western at 50@85c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been dull; 1500 bus sold in lots at $6,50@7,75 for fair to prime Penna, and $8@8,25 ₩ bus for good to choice Western.

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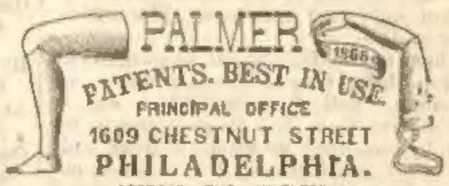

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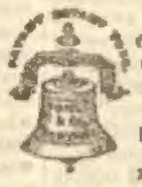

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Afraid of his Ears.

At a social recently, a noted wag found himself, in the course of the evening, in general conversation with a nervous looking stranger. Pointing out to him a gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind in another portion of the room, he said: "Do you see that man there? He has a mania—a very unpleasant one, too. He is possessed with the idea that he must bite off stranger's ears, and it has caused a dreadful amount of trouble. I do not know whether he will show any of the symptoms to-night, but perceiving you are a stranger, I deem it my duty to put you on your guard. Don't let him approach very close to you." The expression of horror that spread over the face of the nervous man clearly proved that he heard the warning. A little later the benevolent informant got opportunity to tell the inquiring man that *that* man (pointing out the warned individual) was a physical wonder, as a roaring noise could be distinctly heard proceeding from his ear by getting within eighteen inches of his ear. Our curious friend was struck with such an unheard-of phenomenon, and very properly began to work himself close enough for a personal investigation. The movement was seen by the nervous man, and great drops of apprehensive sweat oozed out from his brow and trickled down his cheeks. Nearer and nearer approached the one, and more terribly intense grew the horror of the other. The space between them was slowly but surely lessening. The curious man was within an ace of the "roaring," when the agony of the "roarer" reached its crisis, and clenching his fist, he landed it between the "lookers" of the unfortunate searcher after physical wonders, shouting at the top of his voice: "Bite off my ears, will you?" The effect of this on the astonished audience was very effecting.

A Successful Burglar Trap.

A cotemporary tells, or rather lets the hero of the incident tell, of a German watchmaker in this city who, hearing of the frequent burglaries, concluded to fortify his store against the gentry who work with skeleton keys and crowbars. The watchmaker said:—

"I hear much tings apout te purglars all a'while; I hears they breaks stores into 'em very much. Vell, I tinks I vixes 'em, so that the next time that they coomes to my stores, by tam, they no gum. I buys a pig horse bistel, and I fastens it to de floor, mit de moozle pointin' to de door. So den I runs a string from de drigger up mit der vall and down mit der door, so ven Mr. Purglar opens himself mit der door, vy, if he plose de tam prains out of de bistel, vy, den you see I can't help it, don't it? That's vot I say. Last night I left de door pointing at de moozle of de bistel mit two bullets in it, unt goes out to drink some lager mit ter boys. I sometimes drinks too much lager. Vell, I can't help it. I bores myself into more ash twenty sixteen klass lager, unt then I goes home. Ven I pass mine store I dinks I better ash look in unt see if nothing pose all right. That is right, don't it? If it don't, I ain't can't help it. Vell, mit so many glasses of me in der lager, I forget apout der hoss bistel unt ter door, pointin' der moozle, unt ven I makes open mit ter door, bang! by tam, I joost gets a pullet mit mine elbow unt anoder pullet get mine hat through it all the vile. Vost I scart? Vell, if I vos I can't help it. You'd be scart yourself, ain't it? I joost throw away the hoss bistle, unt I never sets no more traps for burglars so long as I can't help it. So!"

An Unreliable Darkey.

A recent anecdote of the late Isaac O. Barnes reminds a correspondent in Springfield, Illinois, of a little incident that occurred in Boston just after the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Barnes was then Marshal, and, as such, charged with the execution of process against peripatetic slaves. A warrant had been issued against a fugitive, and Mr. B. was called upon to enforce it. Ascertaining where the party lived, he forthwith proceeded thither, but did not find him; Mrs. Cudjo said he was away at work. "Well," said Mr. Barnes, "when he comes home you tell him to come right up to my office, for I have a warrant to arrest him and send him back into slavery." In relating this afterward to a friend, Mr. Barnes remarked, with perfect gravity—"Would you believe it, that cussed nigger never came near me at all, but ran away to Canada; the fact is, *you can't place any dependence on 'em, any how!*"

A Bright Light.

"Johnson, you say Brown was the man who robbed you?" "Yes, sir." "Was it moonlight when it took place?" "No, sir." "Was it starlight?" "No; it was so dark you couldn't see your hand afore your face." "Well, was there any light shining from any house near by?" "Why, no; there wasn't a house within a mile of us." "Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any house, and so dark you couldn't see your hand before your face, how is it that you are so positive that Brown was the man, and how did you see him?" "Why, you see, when the fellow struck me, de fire flew out of my eyes so bright dat you might see to pick up a pin."

DANCING.—At a small party, a young theological student, not particularly noted for elegance of manner, or talent, or extraordinary piety, being urged by some young ladies to join in a quadrille, then forming, declined somewhat rudely; and, turning to a lady near by, asked, with rather an imposing air: "Do you think, Mrs. L——, that a man ought to dance who expects to fill a pulpit?" The lady replied:—"I don't see why he should not, provided he have *grace* for both!"

APPROPRIATE TITLE.—A clergyman was speaking of the forthcoming book by Rev. Dr. Bellows, made up mainly of letters written by Dr. B. during the past year to the Liberal Christian. On being asked its title, the answer was: "The Old World in its New Face." Whereupon our friend suggested that perhaps a more appropriate title would be, "A Fresh Blast from an Old Bellows!"

EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

PET.—"Ma, mightn't the big man let me have his 'starchers' for a new tail for my horse?"

THE CONTRAST.

Between two eyes I must expire,
My heart is gone, I own;
A black one sets it all on fire—
A blue one melts it down.
There's lightning in the black one's glance,
A sunbeam in the blue;
One strikes it like a piercing lance,
And one steals gently through.

By fire or water, then, it goes—
But which I'm yet to learn—
At morn it burns, at night it flows,
And flames and weeps by turn.
One piercer or one melter I
Could face and never quake;
But two to one my power defy—
No battle can I make.

Singly I own, I've often sparred
With azure and with jet;
And, though by half a score hit hard,
I've not been vanquished yet.
With one I'd fight its utmost art,
Though light or dark its hue;
But set on thus by both, my heart
Is beaten black and blue.

The Man who Could not Commit Suicide.

A curious story is told by Trueba, a modern Spanish writer of reputation. The hero of the story was a feeble-minded man, prone to suicide. The priest, in an argument with him upon the subject, asserted that no man could take his own life, if God willed that he should *not* do it. The man, whose faith in God was none of the strongest, denied the truth of this theory. Having carelessly expended his patrimony, he became dejected, and resolved to prove his own side of the argument by putting an end to his existence. He accordingly procured a strong rope, and suspended himself from a beam of the house. But the timber, though apparently sound, was inwardly decayed. His weight brought it down, and with it a shower of doubloons, which some of his ancestors had concealed under the garret floor. This good luck reconciled him to life. But, having fallen in love with a stout lassie, who frowned upon him, he again undertook to disprove the priest's assertion, by blowing out his brains. In his earnestness to make sure of it, he pressed the pistol so close against his forehead, that it burst; and the explosion frightened away robbers, who were entering the house in search of his doubloons. He began to query whether the priest might not be in the right. But when the handsome Amazon he was wooing set the mastiff upon him while he was serenading her, he again resolved to destroy himself. "*This* time I will make sure of it," thought he. "I will show the priest that a man *can* kill himself, if he is determined upon it." Being thus resolved to accomplish his object beyond a peradventure, he fastened a new rope to a large bough of a tree, that overhung a deep river; he then swallowed a quantity of phosphorous matches, and put a loaded pistol in his belt. Having adjusted the rope round his neck, he swung himself off, and fired the pistol at the same instant. But the ball, instead of entering his head, cut the rope in two, and he fell into the river. The lass, who had driven him to this dire extremity, happened to witness the plunge. She succeeded in drawing him out with her strong arms, and pity at last moved her hard heart to love. Her efforts to resuscitate him caused a deluge of water to pour from his mouth, and with it came the phosphorous matches. Finding that the combined process of shooting, hanging, drowning, and poisoning, all failed to counteract the decrees of Providence, he resolved that he would never again try to resist the will of God. So he married his lass, and thenceforth behaved more like a Christian.

VERY GOOD.—A learned professor in a New England college was accustomed to demand of students an excuse whenever they were dilatory at recitation. The excuse given, he invariably added: "Very well; but don't let it happen again." One morning a married student happening to be behind time, was promptly interrogated as to the cause. Slightly embarrassed, he replied:

"The truth is, sir, I had an addition to my family this morning, and it was not convenient to be here sooner."

"Very well," replied the professor, in his quick, nervous manner, "very well; but *don't let it happen again!*"

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time is expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many of which if heard will disturb the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my eyes, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex or annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken of them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad shut them. It is not worth your while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of a discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

Saving.

A man is very apt to deceive himself into the idea that he cannot save, and it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts off the hope of accumulating, if he forms it at all, to the happy period when he shall be in better circumstances; but when they perhaps improve, his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re-resolving, until at last he is surprised by some sudden calamity, which deprives him even of his ordinary wages, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world. Did any man, we would ask, experience a falling off in his income, even so much as a dollar in a week? Many will answer they have. Did they continue to live at a reduced rate? They reply, we did so, we were compelled to do it. Very well; and pray what is the difference between being compelled to live a dollar a week cheaper, and compelling yourself to do it? Or, suppose stationary wages and a rising produce market, did you not find that, although bread rose a penny a loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still continued to make your income procure something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be so needed? It is clear that if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the savings as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you would save. You have, therefore, no excuse to present for not saving it, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money that is in your power.

☞ Mr. Schwabe, a German astronomer, has discovered greenish belts, which appear and disappear periodically, in the moon. These belts, he thinks, indicate vegetation. If this be established, it will afford presumptive evidence of the moon's habitability.

AGRICULTURAL.

To Keep Sunny Banks Green.

The south slope is often so hot and dry in summer, that by the end of June it always turns brown, by the middle of July is quite brown, and thence to the end of September unsightly. The soil also is often quite sandy and poor, so there are two obstacles to the growth of grass. Now I can face that slope with as bright green grass-like herbage as can be found in the world, and I advise that it be planted with camomile and common yarrow. As vulgar names are not to be trusted, I wish it to be understood that the camomile I mean is the Anthemis nobilis, and the yarrow is to be Achillea millefolium. These may be mown like grass, and will continually spring again from the root; but the wise gardener will never mow hot, dry banks and slopes very close, or very frequently, for in such places herbage lives in summer chiefly on dew, and if closely shaven there are not sufficient condensers of dew as when there is some amount of leafage surface to attract and collect the watery particles.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

A Sensible Speech.

At the close of a Fair in North Carolina, a Virginia farmer, Mr. Mott, made the following speech:

"I have a man in my eye, who, when Richmond fell, had due him but $80. He rented a farm for $100, and bought a mule for $400; and the first year he made $1,500, hiring no other labor than was necessary for cutting, threshing, and getting up his wheat. He now cultivates about one hundred acres, and has sold $3,000 worth of wheat, having almost paid his rent in raising vegetables, &c., &c.; and his profits are between $2,000 and $3,500. How ridiculous for our young men to go about with long faces, complaining of having nothing to do? When Richmond fell, Mr. President, I was fifty years old, and had been delicate all my life; I went into the field and ploughed regularly, and made a good crop, and fed my family. And now for a young man to say he 'can't work,' it's a shame—a burning shame!"

Agricultural Items.

—POULTRY.—The public has yet to learn the full advantages of keeping poultry. Few seem to appreciate the service they may do among the trees in an orchard. Let any one try them in an orchard of quarter or half an acre, where they may be kept by picket fence, four or five feet high, putting in say one hundred and twenty-five fowls, and observe the result. He will avoid the annoyance in the garden of which so many complain, while they will work among the trees, doing just what is needed, keeping the ground well cultivated, and destroying everything that can injure the fruit-trees in the shape of bugs, worms, or other insects, and lay a large number of eggs, which are a cash article, to say nothing of the chickens, which pay well for raising at the present time.

—POOR MILK THE BEST.—A sensible practical farmer says that he has often noticed that calves would thrive better on milk that is not rich in butter than on what is commonly called very rich milk. The nutritive elements of milk reside chiefly in the caseine. If you have a cow that gives particularly rich milk, and one that gives a quality poorer in butter, it is better to feed the calf on the milk of the latter. The calf will thrive better, and you will get more butter from the milk of the first cow.

—LAMPAS.—P. H. G. writes that he believes his method of treating lampas better than that of "lancing the parts with a small pocket knife," as recommended by us a few weeks since. He takes a saddler's awl that projects about a quarter of an inch from the handle and brads the animal half a dozen times, back of the teeth. Afterwards rubs with fine salt. This usually gives relief.

—Some one writes that the grass known in New England as herdgrass or timothy, derived its names from Timothy Hurd who introduced it into Rhode Island. The Quaker's called it Timothy, and the world's people Hurd grass.

—A quart package of Tappahannock wheat, sent to a county in Pennsylvania, produced a bushel the first year, and five hundred bushels in three years, which was sold for $2,000 for seed. Other wheat was destroyed by the fly. This was two weeks earlier and escaped. There are now probably millions of bushels of this variety, producing annually more than one million dollars more money than the deteriorated varieties which it displaced.

—By the following operation, says the Rural World, a fowl will be dead at once and the flesh white. Open the bill and insert a sharp, narrow blade into the back part of the roof, severing the vertebrm. Then hang up by the legs and let it bleed clean.

—An English paper advertises a vacancy on a farm for an agricultural pupil, and great pains will be taken to give the young man an insight into farming. Terms $1,000 a year, with the use of a horse, with hunting.

RECEIPTS.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Procure a nut with plenty of milk in it, keep the milk, take off the skin carefully, and grate the cocoanut; put rather more than a pound of white loaf sugar to a nut, and as much water as there is milk. Boil it till it begins to look dry in the pan, and then pour it on a buttered dish.

Grate the nut (scraping off the rind) very fine, and add half its weight in finely powdered sugar; mix them well together with white of egg, and drop on wafer paper in small rough knobs about the size of a walnut, and bake in a slack oven.

A SWEET OMELET.—Mix a tablespoonful of fine flour in one pint of new milk, whisk together the yolks and whites of four eggs, and add them to the milk. Put enough fresh butter as will fry the omelet into the frying-pan, make it hot over a clear fire, and pour in half the mixture. When this is a little set, put four teaspoonfuls of currant jelly, or any other preserve, in the centre, and the remainder of the mixture over the top. As soon as the upper portion is fixed, send it to table; or, the omelet being fried, spread the preserve on it and roll it.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 69 letters.
My 34, 1, 17, 14, 65, 52, 50, 33, was a battle.
My 49, 8, 2, 52, 12, 9, 8, 62, is a city in France.
My 17, 9, 16, 30, 19, is a fish.
My 6, 61, 60, 67, is a bird disliked by many.
My 47, 48, 27, 66, 10, 38, 16, 17, 55, 62, 58, 9, 58, is a flower.
My 5, 58, 13, 64, 57, 7, 40, 53, signifies royal.
My 11, 53, 36, 4, is a musical instrument.
My 54, 18, 50, 32, 52, 22, 58, 1, 31, 30, 29, was a ruler of the Franks.
My 58, 38, 65, 30, 15, 16, 52, 9, 49, 40, 45, 33, was a reformer.
My 20, 21, 20, 51, 30, is a young man.
My 13, 68, 52, 60, 54, 65, 53, 24, 23, 41, was a celebrated Grecian tyrant.
My 42, 37, 63, 69, 44, is a disease.
My 25, 43, 52, 28, 59, 51, 30, 47, 18, is a bird.
My 35, 50, 52, 65, 14, 57, 15, 29, 37, is an animal.
My whole is a quotation from Campbell.

NELLIE JACKMON.

Transposition.

I am composed of 4 letters.

And entire I am highly prized by most persons.

Change my 1st and I become a musical instrument.

Change again and I am an agreeable companion.

Change my 2nd and 3rd and I become a musical instrument.

Change again and I am affection.

Change my 3rd and I become a kind of stone.

Change again and I belong to a fisherman.

Change my 4th and I raise.

Change my 1st and 4th and I am a present.

E. CLARK.

Factoryville, Pa.

Problem.

How many acres of the surface of the earth may be seen from the top of a steeple whose height is 400 feet, the earth being supposed to be a perfect sphere, whose circumference is 25,000 miles?

SAMUEL B. GRIFFITH.

Philadelphia.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

What is the largest sphere or globe that can be whittled out of a cube containing 1,728 cubic inches? D. C. G.

Findlay, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

A drover sold a cow, an ox, and a horse. He sold the cow for $27.20, and gained as much *per cent.* on her as the ox cost him; he sold the ox for $55.44, and gained as much *per cent.* on him as the horse cost; he sold the horse for $64.80, and gained on him as much *per cent.* as the cow cost. Required—The cost of each.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ If a woman change her sex, what religion would she be? Ans.—A he-then.

☞ Hold up your hand and you will see what you never did see, never can see, and never will see.—That the little finger is not so long as the middle one.

☞ If two matches are lying on the table, and one be taken away, how many will be left? Ans.—Two; Because it takes two to make a match.

☞ What class of women are apt to give *tone* to society? Ans.—The belles.

☞ Do ladies like tall or short men best? We don't know as to the latter, but everybody knows that the ladies are fond of Hymen.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." ENIGMA—The civil war in the United States.

MEAT PIE.—Of whatever kind, let the pieces of meat be first fried brown over a quick fire, in a little fat or butter, and seasoned with pepper and salt; put these into a pie-dish with chopped onions, a few slices of half cooked potatoes, and enough water just to cover the meat. Cover the dish with a crust, made with two pounds of flour and six ounces of butter, or lard, or fat dripping, and just enough water to knead it it into a stiff kind of dough or paste, and then bake it for about an hour and a half.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Four eggs well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little grated tongue or beef, pepper and salt, three ounces of butter; put in a stewpan until quite hot, then add the eggs; stir all the time until quite thick. Have a slice of bread ready, toasted and buttered, spread the mixture upon it, and send it to table very hot.

SPICED TRIPE.—Take fresh tripe, cut it up in pieces four or five inches square; take an earthen jar, put in a layer of tripe, then sprinkle a few cloves, allspice and peppers (whole) over it; then another layer of tripe, then spice, and so on till the jar is full; take good cider vinegar, scald it, pour over it, filling the jar full; cover it up and stand it away in a cool place for a few days until it tastes of the spice, then serve it up cold for supper or any other meal. It is an excellent relish.

CRANBERRY WINE.—Taken internally and applied externally, is pronounced as a cure for scrofula. To make the wine, take the ripe berries, mash them in a mortar to a fine pulp, put into a stone jar, add one quart of water to two quarts of berries, stir it well, set away and let it stand a week; then strain it through cotton, and you have a beautiful wine, which, with a little sugar, makes a wholesome drink, at once cooling and palatable. It does not ferment.